



CANDID Charlie ★ DAN'L FLANNEL

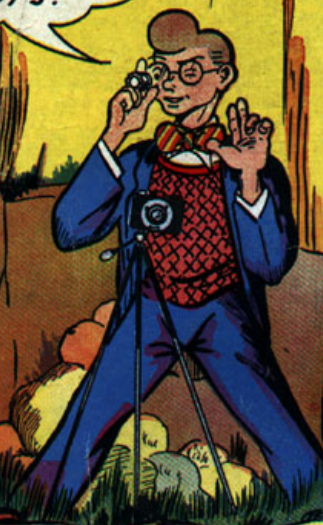
March 

# TARGET COMICS

10¢



STEP BACK A BIT  
BOYS.



VOL. 4 NO. 11





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Gang:

We know you're awfully busy working for the War Effort but how about a little assistant editing? On this page in January we gave you some leading questions to answer and though we've had "hundreds" of replies, we'd rather have "thousands." So here goes again — Do you like CANDID CHARLIE? Do you like 18 MEN AND A BOAT? Do you know what stories we took out in order to put these two new strips in? Do you miss the old strips that we removed?

Sometimes it's darned hard to rack your brain to think of something to write about in your letters to the Editors, but here we've done the work for you and all you have to do is get on your editorial thinking cap and give us plain and simple answers to those plain and simple questions. Candid Charlie has some swell ideas in store for you, but naturally he doesn't want to go ahead with them unless his assistant editors (meaning you readers) give him the light."

next month when we'll have some more questions to plague you with and more give to the writers of the best letters.

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS.

TARGET  
our comics

"Target"  
sentences  
also think  
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BOLT COMICS. I read the letter sent to you by Ng Kuo Yen and don't agree with Ng. I think "Dan'l Flannel" should be continued and I surely hope "The Cadet." He's my favorite. As for BLUE BOLT, I heartily agree with Albert De Bruycker that "Krisko and Jasper" are entirely too fantastic.

Now about 4MOST, I really don't think that any changes should be made. It's really perfect! No super-stuff and silly matter either. It's just right. It's my favorite quarterly, but I surely wish I could call it my favorite monthly or bi-monthly. I think many others do too, as I know several.

As for "doing my share for freedom," I regularly put 1/3 or 33 1/3% of my pay into defense stamps.

Well, here's hoping that 4MOST will soon be my favorite monthly (or bi-monthly).

A loyal reader,  
ALLISON SHUMSKY,  
Traverse City, Michigan.

three comic magazines  
"3."

proud of 4MOST,

in the Pocatello,  
I work in my  
I earn about \$10  
han half of it goes  
go to school from  
aight so as I can work  
money to buy more

bonds. I want to do all I can to help win the war.

I have a cousin in the Marines, one in the Army, and one in the Navy. I also have another one in the Navy who was a dive bomber pilot and was reported "missing in action" in the "Battle of the Solomons."

I have no brothers in the service as I am the oldest, but if the war lasts a few years I will be glad to do my part, too.

A Reader,  
WALLY FARNES,  
Pocatello, Idaho.

P.S. Let's have more of "I Fly for Vengeance."

Let's hope the war won't last long enough to put you in the Service, Wally, even though you're more than willing to serve.

\* \* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I read the November issue of the TARGET magazine and "The Cadet" led the magazine by far. "Al T. Tude" was good but no definite point. "Dan'l Flannel" was a close second. "Speck, Spot and Sis" was a let down for all the "Speck, Spot and Sis" stories of late were perfect.

You could improve the comic strip "Chameleon" by discontinuing the serial and having complete stories in one issue.

Yours truly,  
IVAN JONES,  
Seattle, Washington.

We'll take that "tip" on "The Chameleon," Ivan.

ICS, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



# The CADET

featuring  
KIT CARTER

WOW! FEELS  
LIKE AN  
EARTHQUAKE!

IT'S A GALA EVENING AT  
DAUNTON. THE GIRLS FROM  
GERALDINE ACADEMY  
HAVE BEEN INVITED OVER  
FOR A MASQUERADE  
BALL.....

THAT'S FUNNY,  
KIT—THERE'S A  
CADET OVER THERE  
WHO HASN'T GOT  
A COSTUME!

HMM! MAYBE  
WE'D BETTER  
INVESTIGATE,  
DAN---







**NEXT MORNING - THE BATTALION IS CALLED TO RANKS JUST AS THE SUN PEERS OVER THE PARADE GROUNDS.....**



**-AND HURRIES TO JOIN THE NEWLY-ARRIVED FRESHMAN CLASS AS IT CLIMBS INTO THE BACK OF THE LAST TRUCK...**



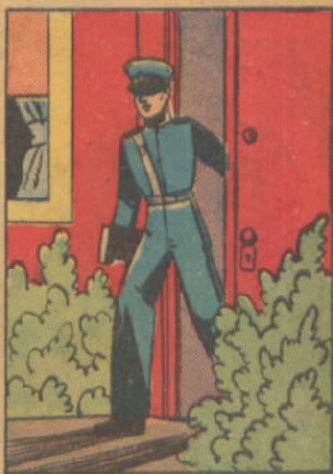
**HURRY UP-BUDDY! YOU ALMOST MISSED THE BUS!**



**LET'S GO, FELLOWS - PILE INTO THESE ARMY TRUCKS THEY SENT OVER FROM CAMP CUSTER----**

**OH BOY! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THOSE BIG GUNS IN ACTION!!**

**IN THE DIM LIGHT OF DAWN - A SLIGHTLY BUILT CADET SLIPS OUT OF THE COLONEL'S HOUSE--**



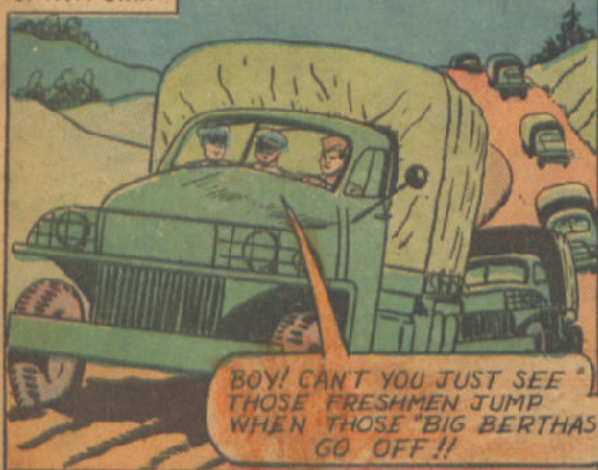
**TO AVOID TALKING TO HER COMPANIONS, PEGGY BUSIES HERSELF WITH A BOOK SHE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COLONEL'S HOUSE...**

**GET A LOAD O' THAT NEW GUY! WHATTA CREEP! BONIN' UP ALREADY!**

**GUESS HE THINKS HE'LL TAKE GENERAL MACARTHUR'S JOB AWAY FROM HIM!**



**KIT AND DAN, RIDING WITH THE DRIVER ON THE FIRST TRUCK, ARE IN HIGH SPIRITS.....**



**BOY! CAN'T YOU JUST SEE THOSE FRESHMEN JUMP WHEN THOSE "BIG BERTHAS" GO OFF!!**

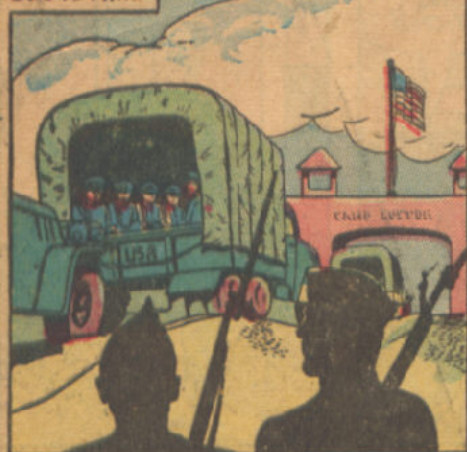
**I UNDERSTAND YOU LADS ARE IN FOR A REAL TREAT - THEY'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO DEMOLISH AN OLD TARGET SHIP FIVE MILES OUT TO SEA!**



**WOW! WON'T THAT BE SOMETHIN'!**



AN HOUR LATER, THE TRUCKS ROLL THROUGH THE HEAVILY GUARDED GATE TO CAMP CUSTER....



OKAY-FRESHIE-YOU CAN PUT YOUR BOOK DOWN NOW--WE'RE GOING TO SEE SOME OF THE REAL THING!

G-GEE! I'M KINDA SORRY I CAME-NOW THAT IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!!

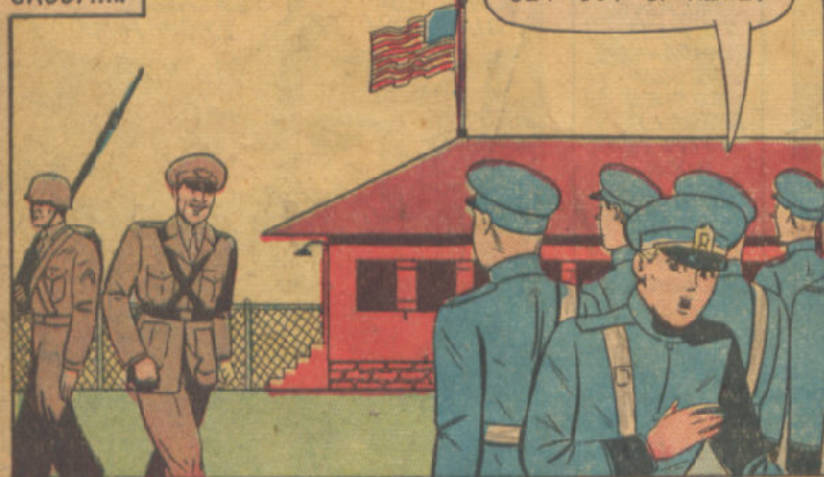


SUPPOSE KIT SHOULD SEE ME --- OR WHAT IF THE COLONEL SHOULD --- UH-OH!!



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT-PEGGY SEES THE COLONEL APPROACHING THE FRESHMAN GROUP....

I'VE JUST GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

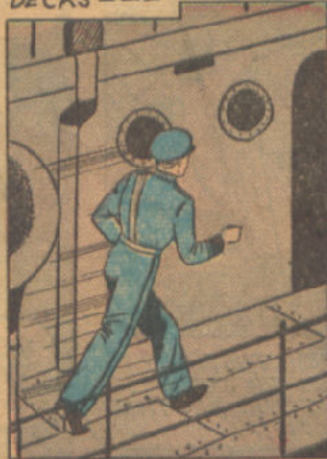
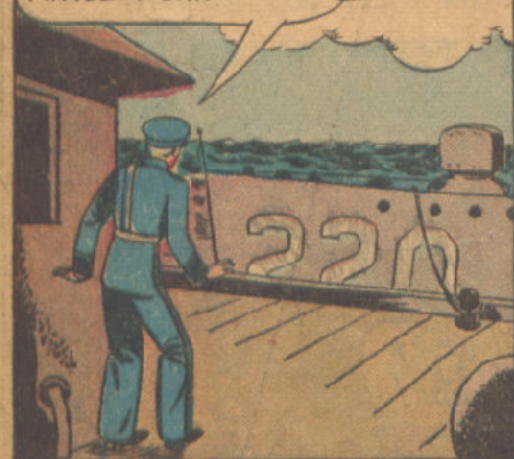


PEGGY DUCKS BEHIND SOME LONG, LOW BUILDINGS AND RUNS TOWARD THE DOCK...

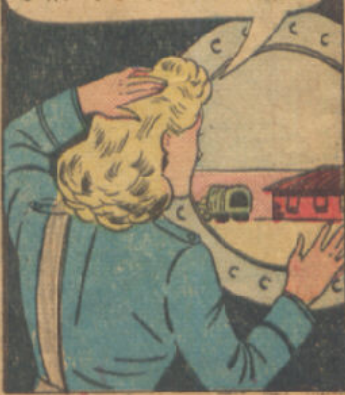


GEE THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE HERE-UH-OH! THERE'S AN OLD DESERTED SHIP--MAYBE I CAN---

A MOMENT LATER---PEGGY HAS DASHED UP THE GANGPLANK AND NOW HASTENS TO HIDE BELOW DECKS---

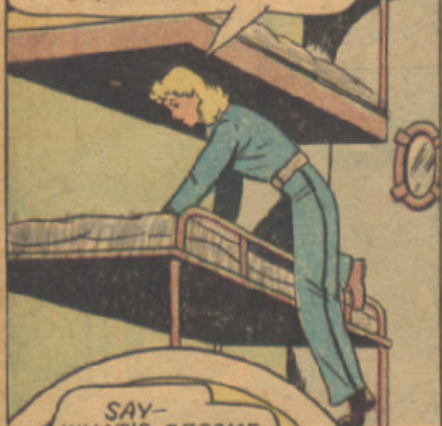


WHEW! I FEEL SAFER DOWN HERE! I CAN KEEP AN EYE PEELED ON THE TRUCKS ASHORE--WHEN THE BATTALION IS READY TO LEAVE, I CAN JOIN THEM....





MY, BUT I FEEL DROWSY! NOT USED TO GETTING UP SO EARLY AFTER A DANCE-- GUESS IT'LL BE SAFE TO LIE DOWN HERE A FEW MINUTES.....



SAY-- WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT CREEPY LITTLE FRESHMAN WITH THE BIG BOOK?

AW-- WHO CARES? LISTEN TO THE COLONEL!



ASHORE--THE COLONEL IS BUSILY LECTURING THE CORPS ON VARIOUS TYPES OF GUNS...

BOY--WHAT A BEAUT!

GOOD FOR DUCK HUNTING TOO, I'LL BET!!

THIS IS THE ARMY'S 90 MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, BOYS--IT'S A REAL PLANE KILLER, ETC. ETC. --



DOWN AT THE WHARF, A TOW SHIP BEGINS TOWING THE DILAPIDATED OLD SHIP OUT TO DEEP WATER....



HOPE HER BARNACLES DON'T SINK HER BEFORE SHE GETS INTO POSITION!!

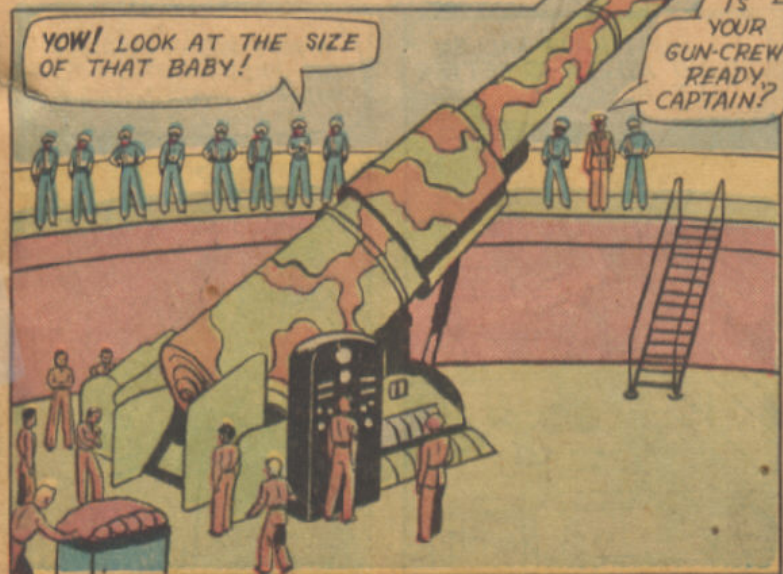
AND NOW, GENTLEMEN--WE'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE TEST FIRING OF A BRAND NEW COASTAL GUN--IT'S EXACT SPECIFICATIONS MUST REMAIN SECRET--BUT YOU'LL SEE ITS AMAZING EFFICIENCY-- FOLLOW ME!



THIS IS WHAT THAT SOLDIER TOLD US ABOUT, KIT!!

YOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT BABY!

IS YOUR GUN-CREW READY, CAPTAIN?

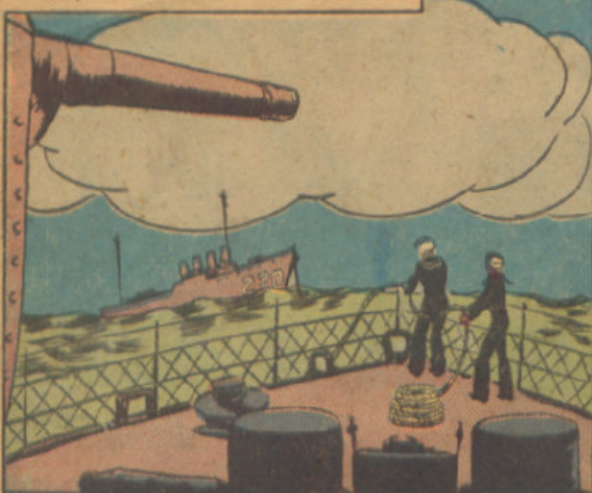


YES, COLONEL, BUT WE HAVEN'T RECEIVED THE SIGNAL FROM THE NAVAL TOW SHIP THAT THE TARGET IS IN POSITION....





OUT AT SEA - JUST ON THE HORIZON -  
THE OLD DESTROYER IS CAST ADrift  
FROM THE TOW VESSEL.....



BOYS - THE CAPTAIN HAS LENT  
US SEVERAL PAIRS OF HIGH-  
POWERED BINOCULARS WITH  
WHICH TO OBSERVE THE  
ACCURACY OF THE FIRE  
POWER ON THAT OLD  
HULK OUT THERE.....

BOY! I'D  
HATE TO  
BE ON HER  
RIGHT NOW!!



WE'VE GOT WORD SHE'S IN  
POSITION, GENTLEMEN - FIRST  
WE'LL STRADDLE THE TARGET  
WITH A COUPLE OF TRIAL  
SHOTS - THEN, WE'LL CLIP OFF  
HER STACKS - FINALLY, WE'LL  
HIT HER BELOW DECKS AND  
SINK HER. READY, SERGEANT?

READY,  
SIR!



**BOOM!**



FIRE!

WOW! WHATTA SHOT!  
JUST MISSED HER  
BY YARDS!



LET ME WATCH  
THE NEXT ONE,  
DAN!

THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLODING  
SHELL THROWS PEGGY, ON THE  
TARGET SHIP, TO THE FLOOR...



W-WHERE  
AM I?

I-I MUST HAVE FALLEN  
SOUND ASLEEP - I'D BETTER  
GET ASHORE!



W-WHY WE - I MEAN I  
AM MILES OUT TO SEA!  
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

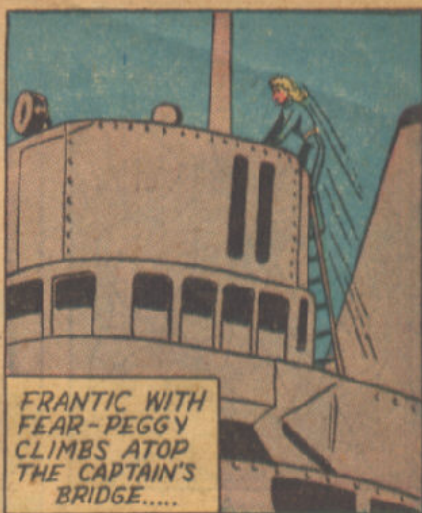




AGAIN THE GIANT  
COASTAL GUN BOOMS  
ON SHORE.....

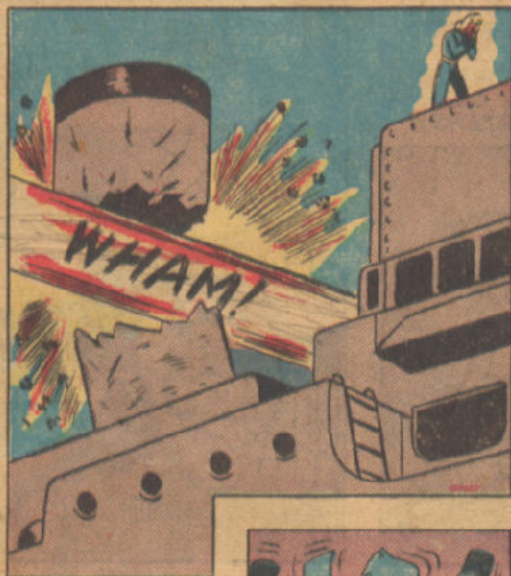
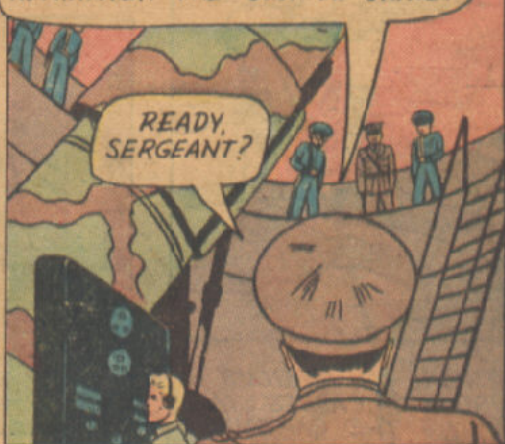


THE SHELL FALLS JUST ASTERN  
OF THE OLD VESSEL.....



ASHORE, AT THE GUN EMPLACEMENT,  
THE CAPTAIN COOLY CONTINUES WITH  
HIS "DEMONSTRATION"-----

AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, THAT YOU HAVE  
SEEN THE ACCURACY WITH WHICH WE  
CAN "CALL OUR SHOTS" - WE WILL  
ADMINISTER THE "COUP DE GRACE."



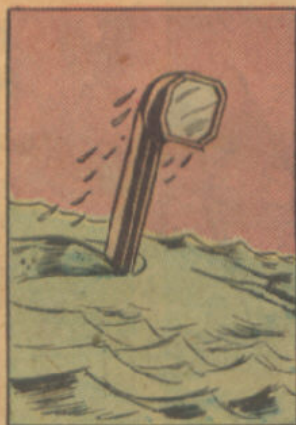
ON THE PARAPET-  
KIT SUDDENLY  
SHOUTS IN ALARM.







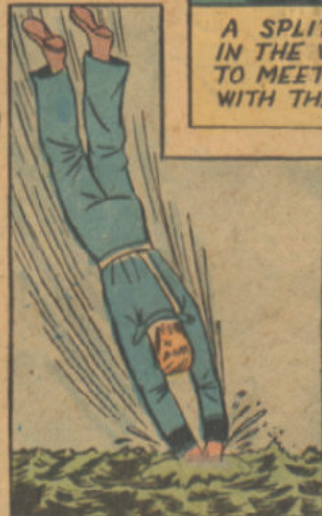
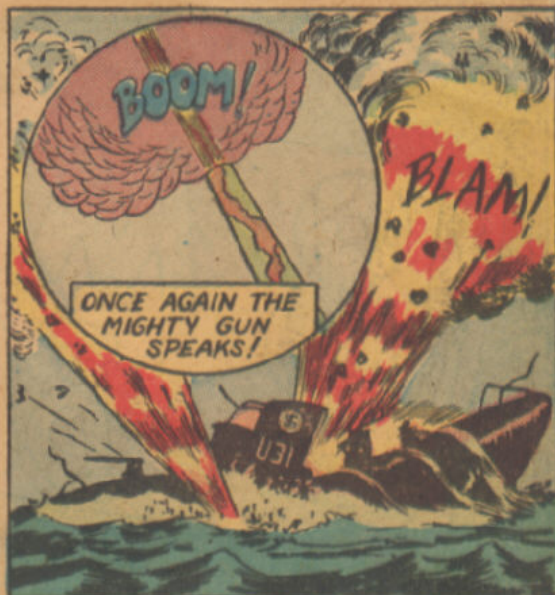
THEN, WITHOUT WARN-  
ING--THE PREDATORY  
EYE OF A BOLD  
ENEMY SUBMARINE  
PIERCES THE CALM  
COASTAL WATERS!!



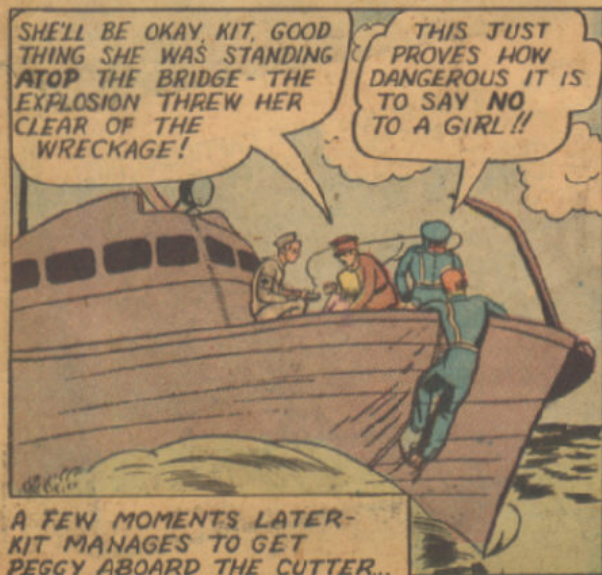
ASHORE--AN ANXIOUS  
GROUP OF CADETS STANDS  
BY AS THE CAPTAIN  
STUDIES THE HULK  
THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE...







KIT WASTES NO TIME IN DIVING IN!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER- KIT MANAGES TO GET PEGGY ABOARD THE CUTTER...



MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH KIT CARTER AND THE CADETS IN THE NEXT ISSUE...



# 18 MEN and a BOAT

BASED ON THE FACTUAL STORY BY LT. COMDR. JOHN MORRILL, U.S.N.,  
AS TOLD TO PETE MARTIN

PART  
THREE



LT. COMDR.  
MORRILL

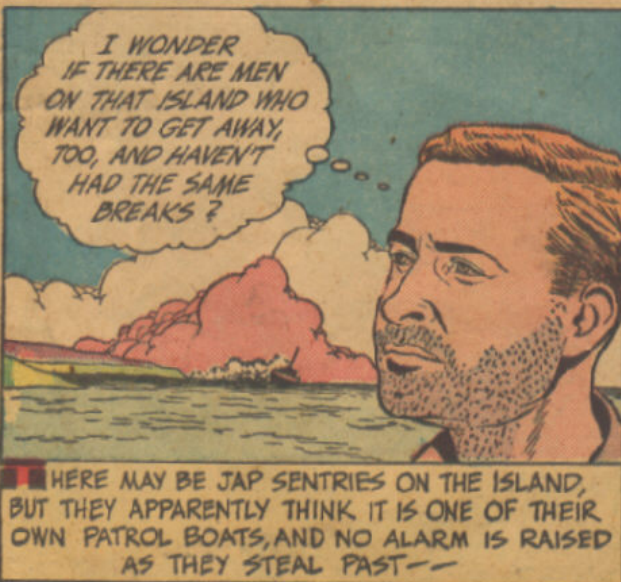
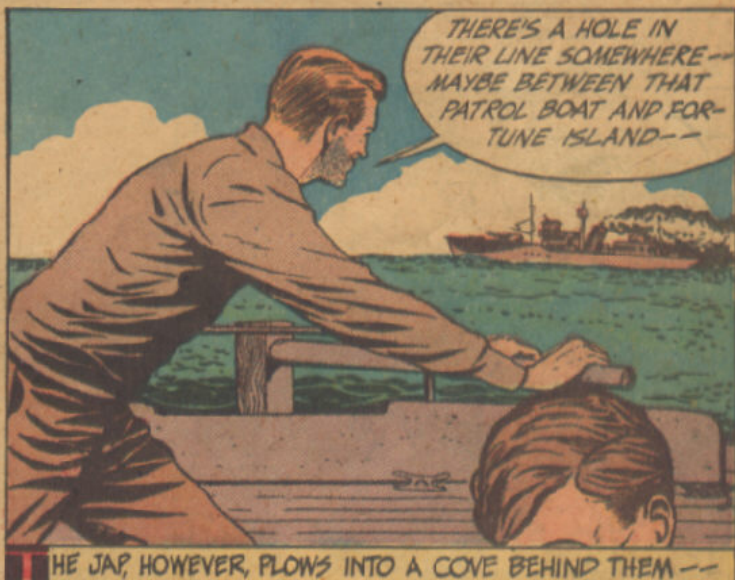
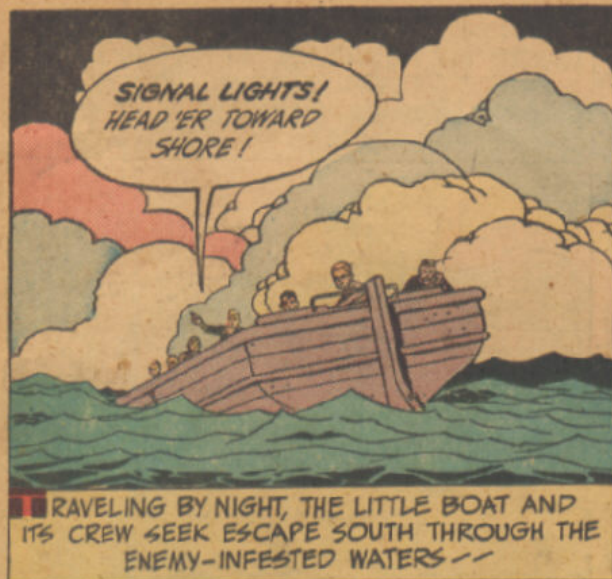


**T**HE JAPANESE MAY HAVE CAPTURED THE PHILIPPINES, BUT ONE GROUP OF 18 MEN REFUSES TO SURRENDER-- THEY ARE TRYING TO ESCAPE IN A 36-FOOT DIESEL BOAT.

HERE IS THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF THEIR STORY-- A SAGA OF SEAMAN-- AND STRIFE THAT TAKES THEM THROUGH STORM THE MAN WHO BROUGHT THEM THROUGH TO AUSTRALIA.

TOM GILL



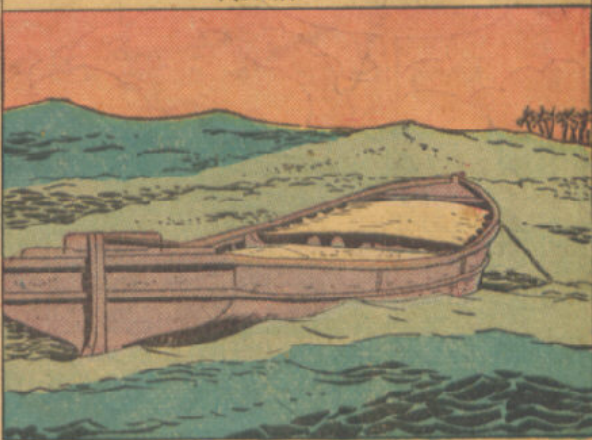




**E**VEN THOUGH THEY CANNOT USE A LIGHT TO READ THE COMPASS, THEY SPOT THE ISLAND THEY SEEK--



**W**HEN THE SUN COMES UP, THEY WORK THEIR WAY CLOSER, BUT HAVE TO GIVE UP. THE SUN IS TOO MUCH FOR THE EXHAUSTED MEN AND THEY CRAWL UNDER THEIR KHAKI PONCHOS UNTIL IT SINKS AGAIN--

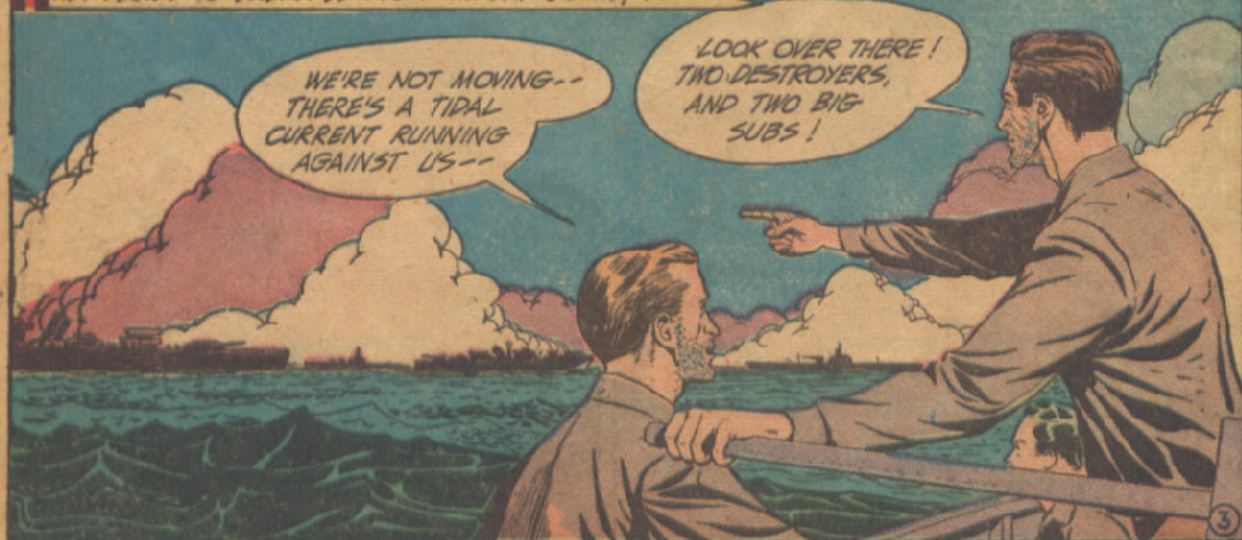


**W**HEN IT IS DARK ENOUGH TO GET UNDER WAY AGAIN, MORE TROUBLE DEVELOPS--



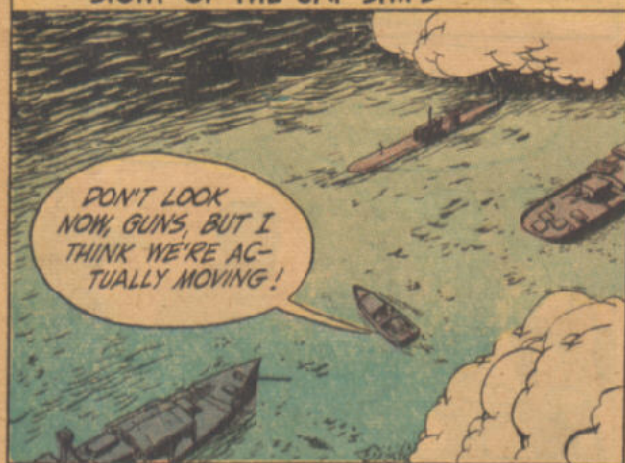
**S**TRUGGLING ALONG ON THE SICK ENGINE, THEY FIND VERDE ISLAND PASSAGE PATROLLED BY JAPS--

**T**HEY DECIDE TO SNEAK BETWEEN THE JAP BOATS, BUT--





**R**ACING THE ENGINE MADLY WITHOUT MOVING AN INCH, THEY DANGLE IN THE WEB OF THE TIDE FOR THREE AGONIZING HOURS -- WITHIN CLEAR SIGHT OF THE JAP SHIPS --



DON'T LOOK NOW, GUNS, BUT I THINK WE'RE ACTUALLY MOVING!

-- AND JUST AS THEY START TO GAIN ON THE PATROL BOATS AROUND THEM --



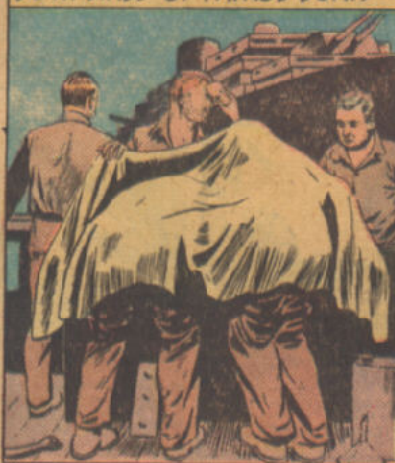
THE ENGINE IS OUT OF OIL, CAPTAIN --



CAN'T YOU KEEP HER GOING A FEW MINUTES MORE, STRINGER?

SHE'LL BURN UP IF I DO --

**W**ORKING LIKE FIENDS ON THE MOTOR, THEY WATCH THEMSELVES DRIFT BACK THROUGH BOTH LINES OF PATROL BOATS --

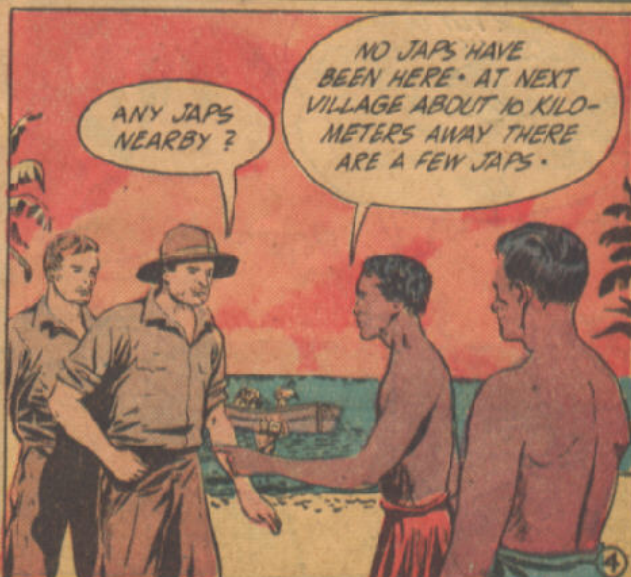
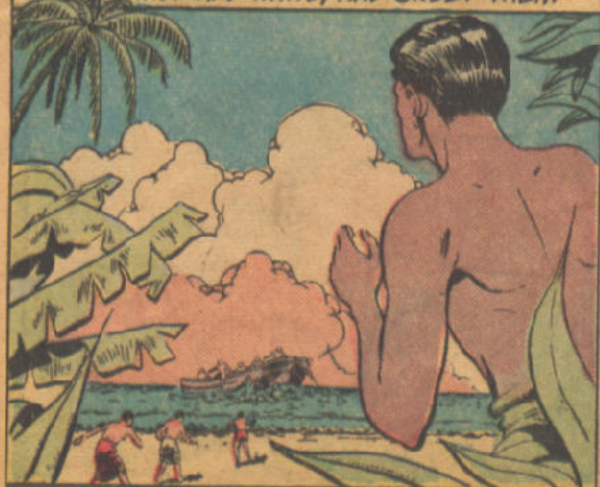


I'LL CHANGE THE COURSE TO LUZON, FELLOWS!

PHEW! EITHER THOSE JAPS SLEEP LIKE TOPS OR THEIR SHIPS' NOISE DROWNED OUT OUR MOTOR!

■ THEN, WITH THE MOTOR RE-FILLED AND THE CURRENT NOW ON THEIR SIDE, THEY CHARGE BACK THROUGH THE PICKET LINES AND INTO CLEAR WATER.

**A**T DAWN THEY REACH A BEACH WELL UP THE COAST. NATIVES APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY, BUT SEE THEY ARE WHITE, AND GREET THEM.



ANY JAPS NEARBY?

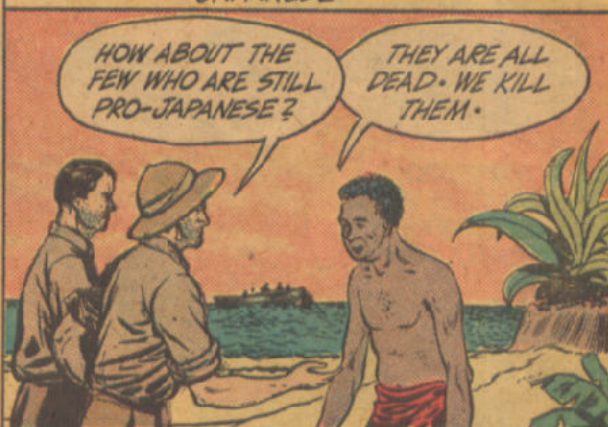
NO JAPS HAVE BEEN HERE. AT NEXT VILLAGE ABOUT 10 KILOMETERS AWAY THERE ARE A FEW JAPS.





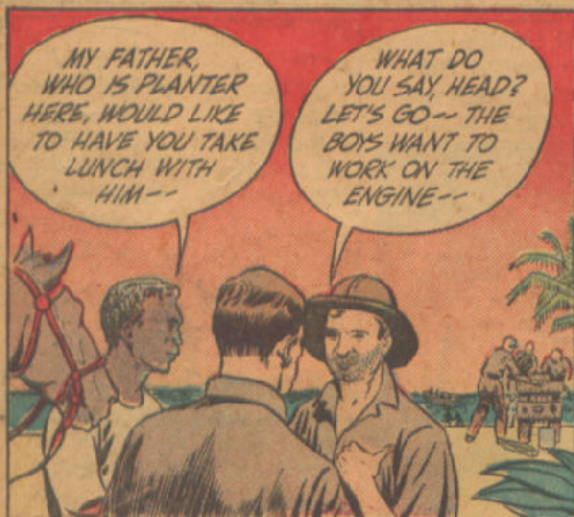
THE NATIVES FEED THEM ROYALLY ON CHICKEN, BOILED RICE, AND FRUIT, BEFORE THEY SAIL ON UP THE COAST--

AT ANOTHER VILLAGE, EXCEPT FOR ONE SCARED OLD MAN, THE NATIVES HAVE TAKEN TO THE HILLS. THEY HAVE SEEN THE JAPS ABUSE THEIR PEOPLE, AND THEY ARE MOSTLY ANTI-JAPANESE--



HOW ABOUT THE FEW WHO ARE STILL PRO-JAPANESE?

THEY ARE ALL DEAD. WE KILL THEM.



MY FATHER, WHO IS PLANTER HERE, WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU TAKE LUNCH WITH HIM--

WHAT DO YOU SAY, HEAD? LET'S GO-- THE BOYS WANT TO WORK ON THE ENGINE--

FILIPINO LANDOWNER INVITES THEM TO VISIT HIS PLANTATION ON THE ISLAND--



WHEN THE JAPS COME, THEY TAKE EVERYTHING-- TRACTOR, PLOWS, ELECTRIC WIRES-- EVEN THE PUMPS. FOR THE AMERICANS IT IS WORSE-- THEY HAVE SEEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN TIED TOGETHER AND DRIVEN THROUGH THE STREETS--

THEY'LL PAY FOR ALL OF IT!



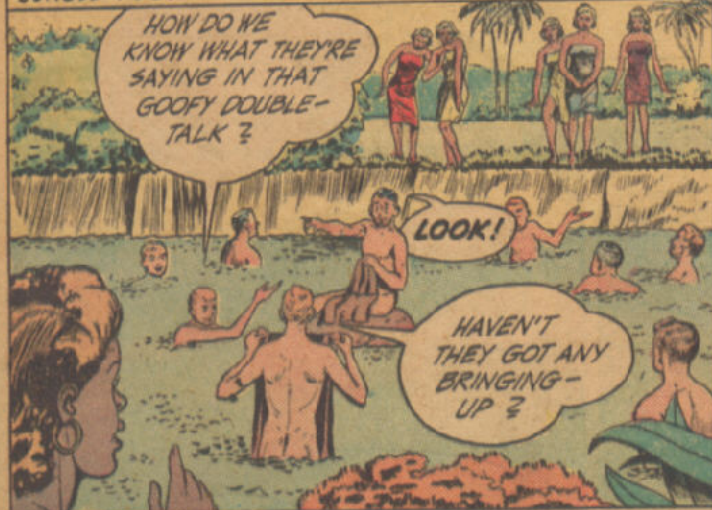
A TRADER PUT IN HERE AND SOLD US A PAPER-- IT HAS A SPEECH HERE BY GEN. WAINWRIGHT-- IT ORDERS ALL AMERICAN TROOPS TO SURRENDER!



YEAH? WELL, FROM NOW ON WE'RE JUST 18 GUYS ON OUR WAY TO AUSTRALIA!



**B**EFORE GOING ON THE NEXT DAY, THE MEN BATHE IN A JUNGLE POOL-- BUT NOT WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE!



**M**EANTIME, FILIPINOS HELP THEM TO MAKE A MAST OF BAMBOO, WHILE THE CREW FASHIONS A SAIL FROM TARP-AULINS--



**A**T LAST THEY ARE HEADING ON THE COURSE TO AUSTRALIA, AND THE ENGINE PURRS LIKE A STROKED CAT--



**S**URE ENOUGH, THE WAVES ARE KICKING UP, AND A DRIVING RAIN MAKES IT STILL MORE UNPLEASANT--



**T**HE STORM SUBSIDES EVENTUALLY, AND THEY ARE PROCEEDING SMOOTHLY WHEN STEELE SIGHTS MALAPASCUA ISLAND--

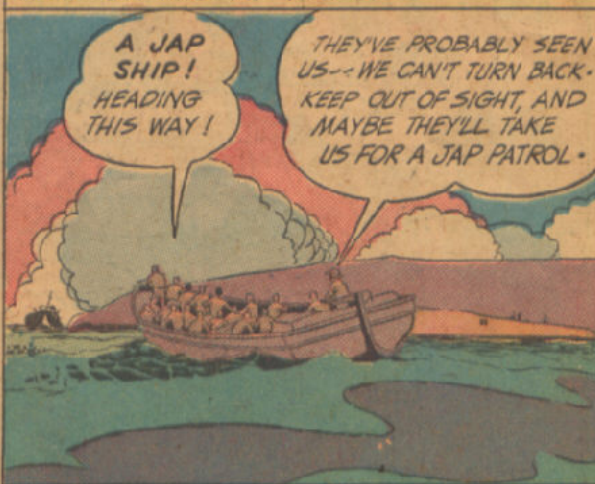




IT IS A DESTROYER, AND THE CREW IS READY WITH GUNS, JUST AS IF THE ENEMY WAS NO BIGGER THAN THEY! BUT THEY ARE TENSE DESPITE THEIR NONCHALANCE--



THE ISLAND HIDES THEM FROM THE DESTROYER, BUT COMING AROUND A POINT THEY SAIL RIGHT OUT INTO THE VIEW OF--



WE'LL PASS ABOUT 3000 YDS. APART. TURN YOUR FACE AWAY, TAYLOR, WHILE WE KEEP COVERED.

GOOD THING I'VE GOT BLACK HAIR!



PHEW! IT WILL BE TOUGH IF TAYLOR'S HAIR TURNS GRAY WHILE WE'RE CROSSING THAT JAP!



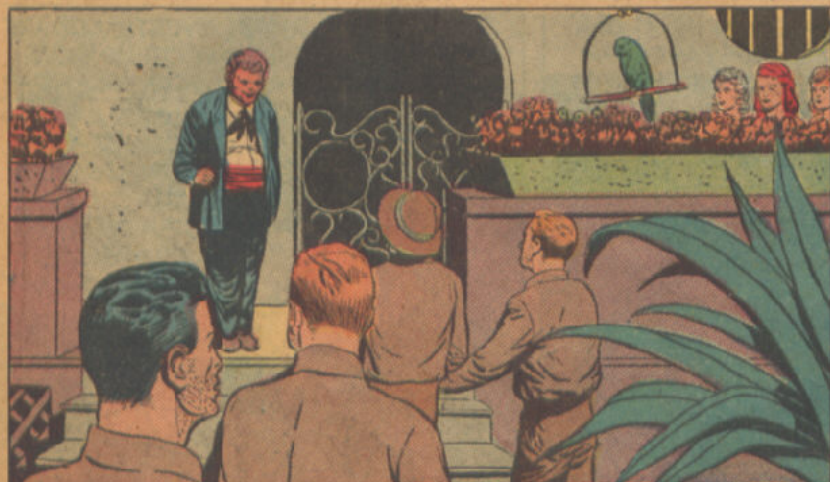
BUT IT WORKS, SOMEHOW, AND THE JAPANESE SHIP PASSES BY--

--AND ANY PLACE WHERE WE CAN BUY OIL AND CANNED FOOD?

MY FATHER WILL SEE THAT YOU GET ALL YOU NEED--



THEY FIND THEIR WAY TO A PHILIPPINE TOWN UNTOUCHED BY THE JAPS, AND LUCK, FOR--



THEY ARE THE GUESTS OF A WEALTHY FILIPINO, WHO INVITES THEM TO HIS GIANT SHOW PLACE OF A MANSION-- A STRANGE FEELING AFTER DAYS OF HIDING AT SEA--

BUT THEIR ADVENTURES ARE FAR FROM OVER.

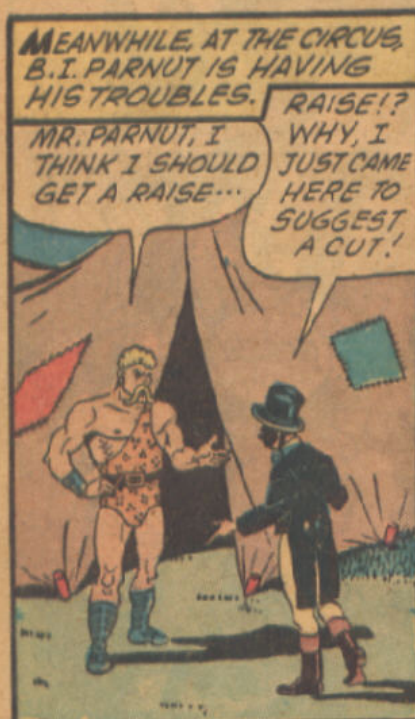
AUSTRALIA AND SAFETY ARE MILES AWAY, AND THE JAPS ARE SCOUTING THE ISLANDS FOR EVERY REMAINING AMERICAN. HOW THEY CONTINUE TO EVADE THE SEARCHERS IS TOLD IN THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF LT. COMDR. MORRILL'S TRUE STORY



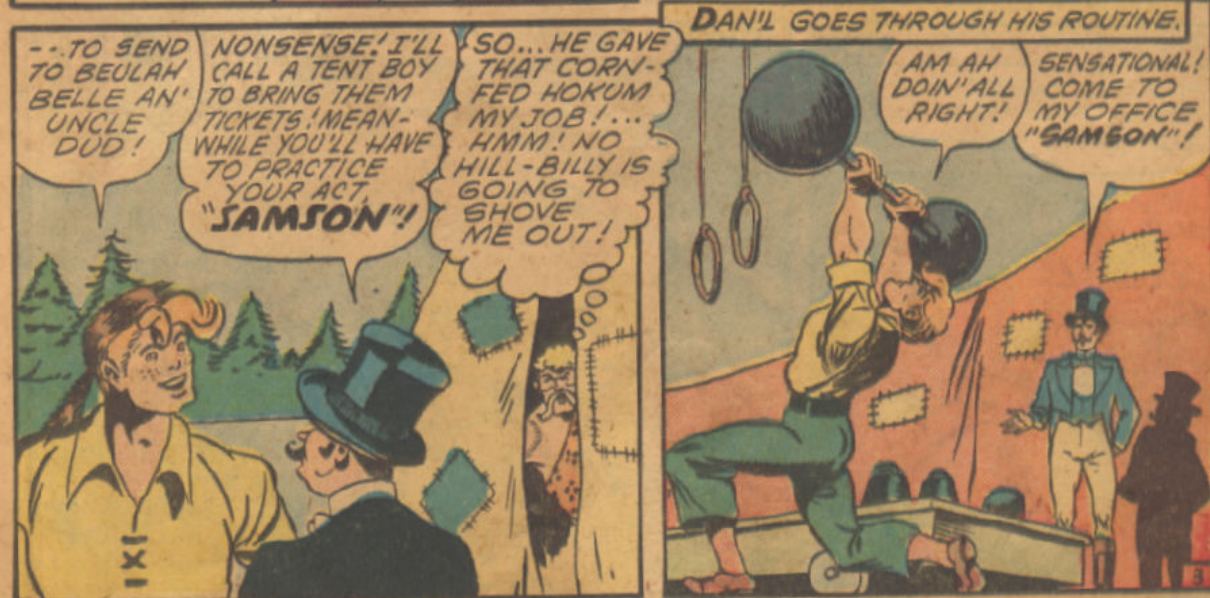
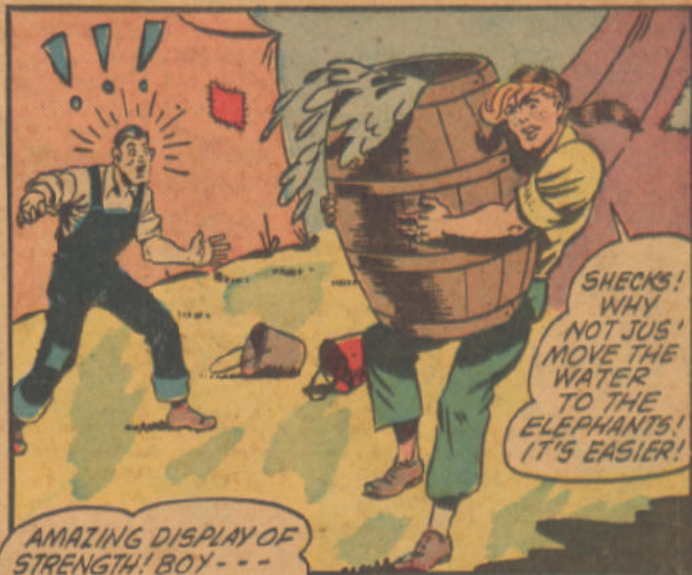
# DAN'L FLANNEL



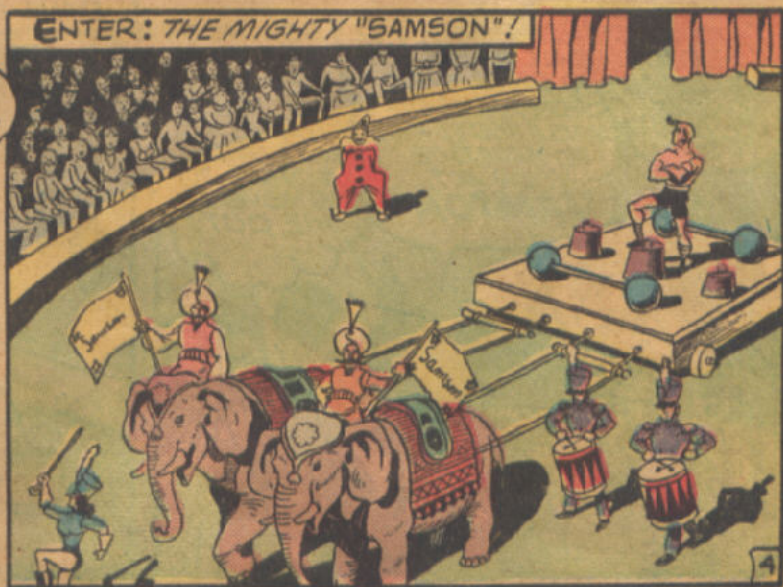
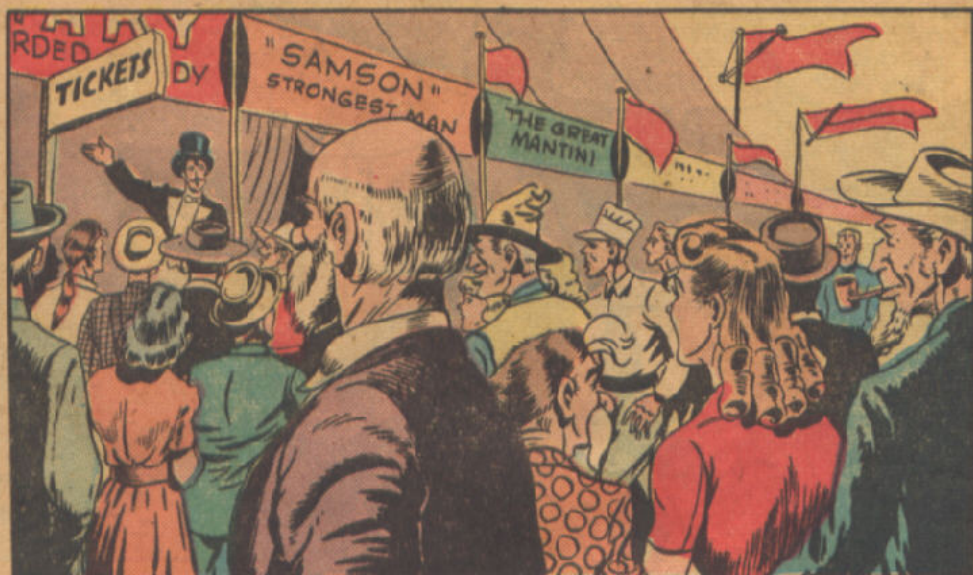
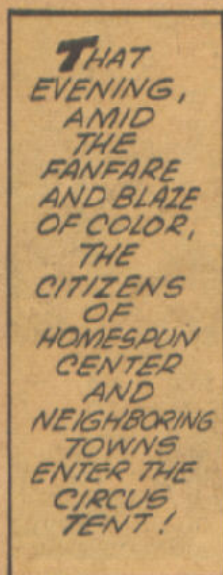














BUT THE VENGFUL BRAWNO  
IS ALSO ON THE SCENE...

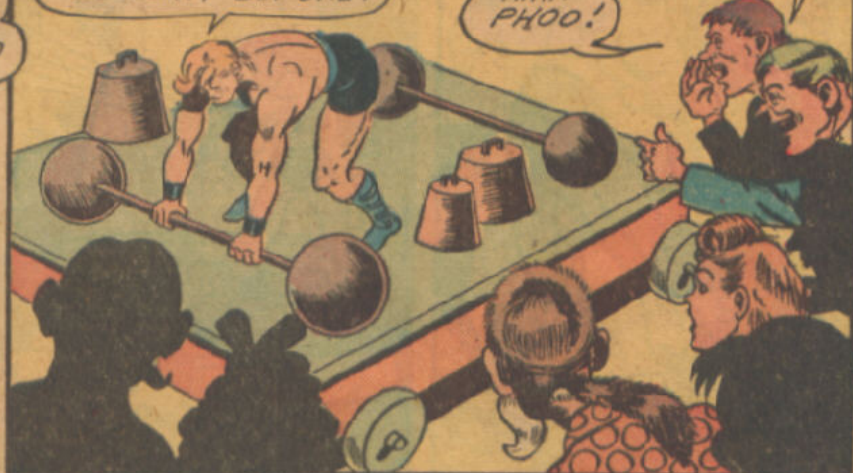
HAW! JUST WAIT'LL HE  
TRIES TO LIFT THAT  
WEIGHT... IT'S BOLTED  
TO THE PLATFORM!  
HA! HA!



UGH... WHUT HAPPENED?  
THIS DURN THING WAREN'T  
SO HEAVY BEFORE!

HAW!  
STRONG  
MAN--  
PHOO!

HAHAW!  
WEAKLING!



BUT...

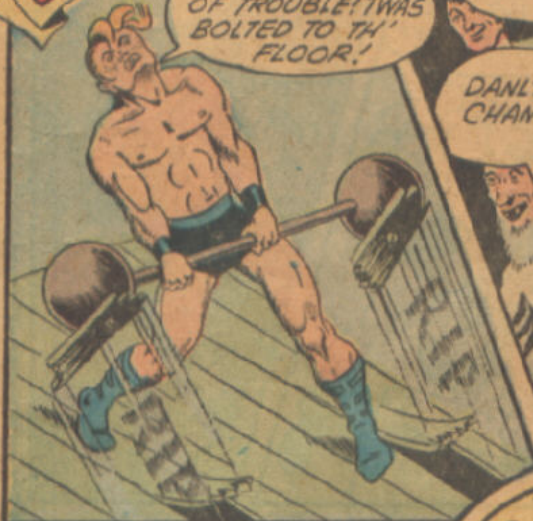
NO WONDER I  
HAD A MITE  
OF TROUBLE! WAS  
BOLTED TO TH'  
FLOOR!

'RAY FER  
SAMSON!

DAN'L'S  
CHAMP!

HOORAVVY!

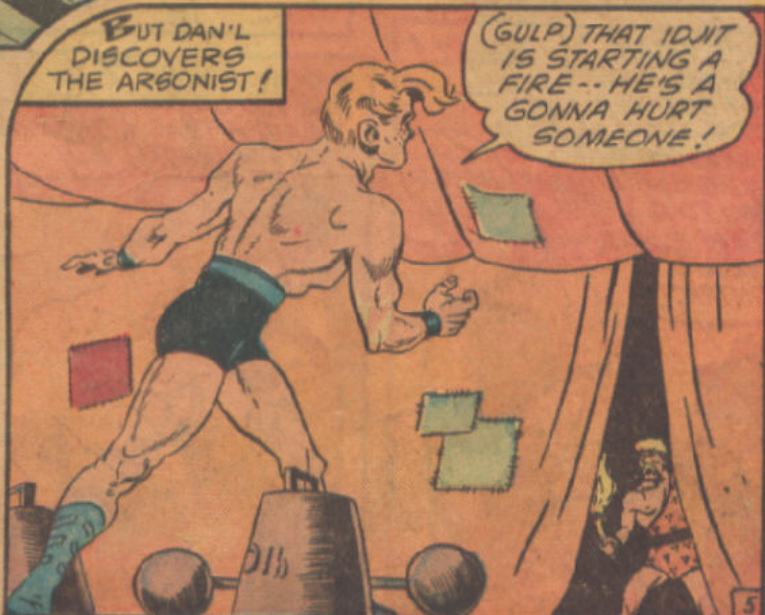
DRAT THAT KID!  
WELL, I DIDN'T TRIP  
HIM UP BUT I CAN  
STILL RUIN THE SHOW  
AND GET EVEN  
WITH PARNUT!



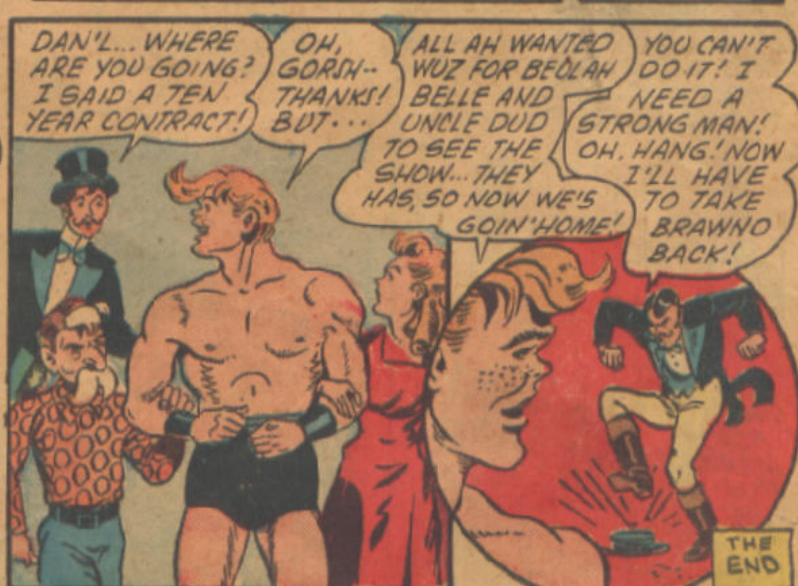
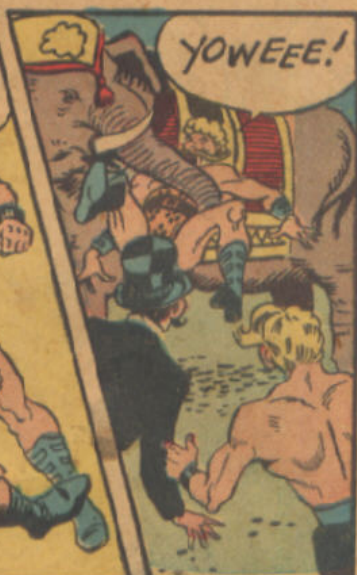
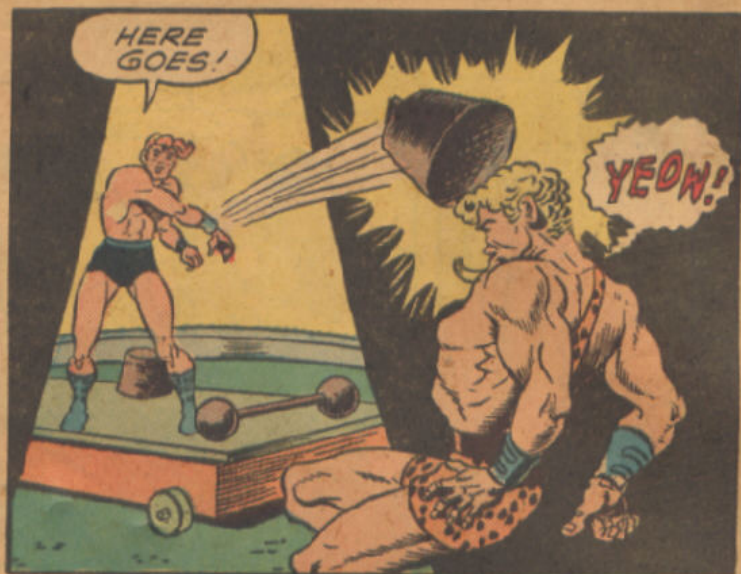
THIS FIRE'LL BURN THE  
WHOLE SHOW DOWN...  
PARNUT'LL BE RUINED!

BUT DAN'L  
DISCOVERS  
THE ARSONIST!

(GULP) THAT IDJIT  
IS STARTING A  
FIRE-- HE'S A  
GONNA HURT  
SOMEONE!









# BULL'S-EYE BILL



CAPTAIN  
BILL TARGET  
OF THE  
U.S. CAVALRY

IS HOME  
ON  
FURLOUGH...  
SO FAR,  
HE'S  
HAD NO  
CHANCE  
TO REST  
WHAT  
WITH  
BLACK  
MARKET  
RUSTLERS  
AND  
NOW--

SAY, BILL, AIN'T  
THOSE OL' MULES  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE SHIPPED  
OUT TODAY?

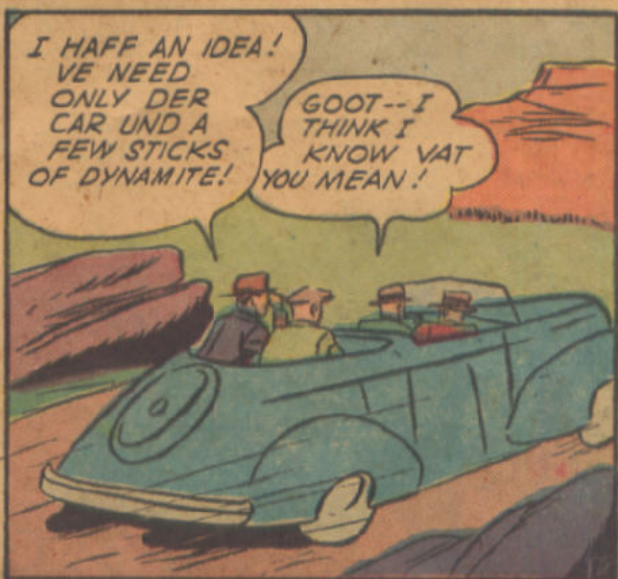
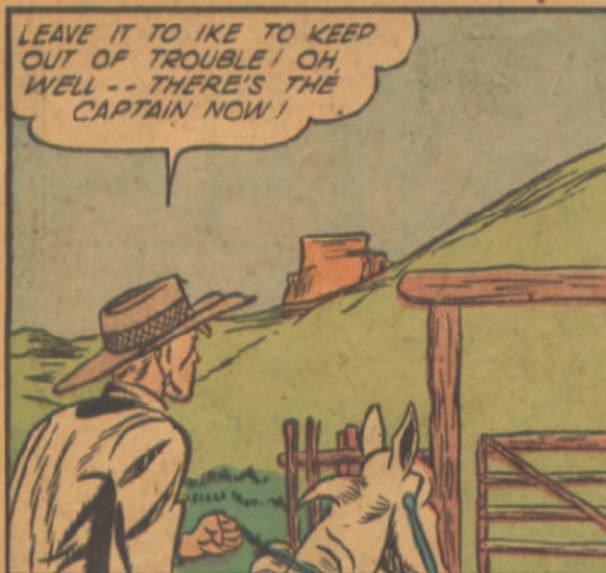
YES, IKE--  
I'M ON MY  
WAY OVER  
TO THE  
CORRAL  
NOW!

CAPTAIN GRIND  
ASKED ME TO SEE  
TO THEIR LOADING--  
WANT TO COME  
ALONG?

HUH--GOT ENUFF  
TROUBLES WITHOUT  
TRYIN' TO SHOVE  
ORNERY CRITTERS  
WHAR THEY DON'T  
WANT TO GO!





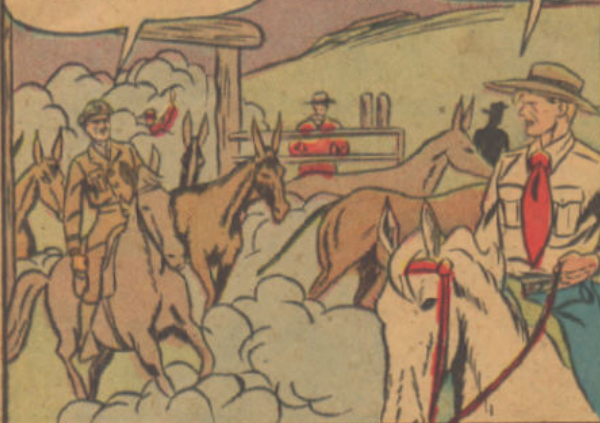




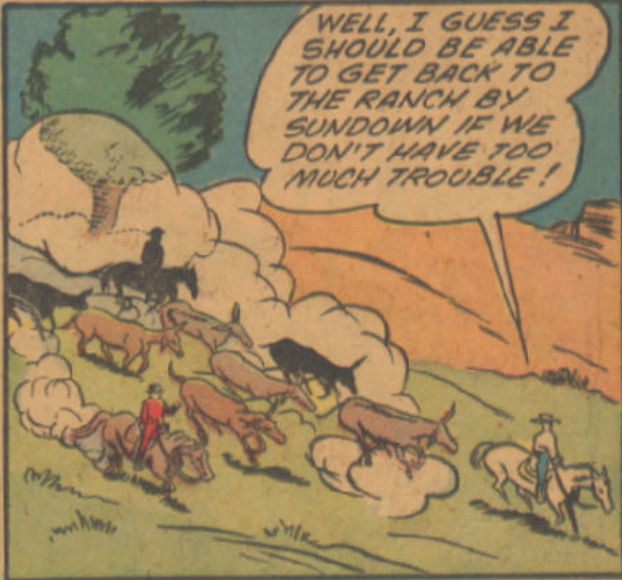
AND, AT THE CORRAL --

BILL, WILL YOU  
TAKE THE LEAD  
ON THE HERD?

GOOD ENOUGH,  
CAPTAIN! LET'S  
GO! HIYEE!



WELL, I GUESS I  
SHOULD BE ABLE  
TO GET BACK TO  
THE RANCH BY  
SUNDOWN IF WE  
DON'T HAVE TOO  
MUCH TROUBLE!



THE MULE REMUDA ENTERS SAN LOREDO  
WITHOUT MISHAP!

THAT WAS EASIER THAN  
I'D HOPED FOR, CAPTAIN!

RIGHT--  
SAY, BILL...



WE'RE TAKING THEM  
RIGHT THROUGH THE  
MAIN STREET - WE'LL  
HAVE TO KEEP  
THEM IN LINE!

I'LL HANDLE  
THAT -- TELL  
YOUR MEN TO  
WATCH THE  
STRAGGLERS!



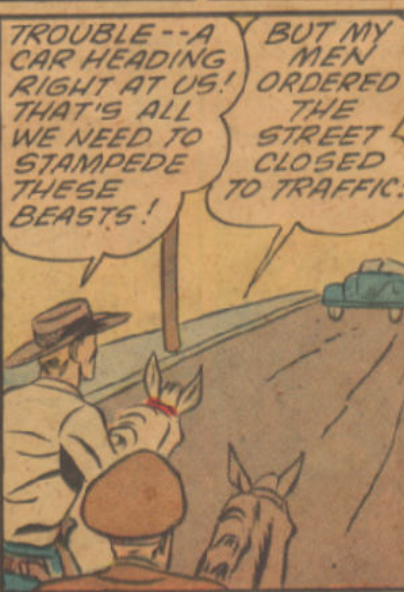
UH-OH!

WHAT IS IT,  
BILL?



TROUBLE -- A  
CAR HEADING  
RIGHT AT US!  
THAT'S ALL  
WE NEED TO  
STAMPEDE  
THESE  
BEASTS!

BUT MY  
MEN  
ORDERED  
THE  
STREET  
CLOSED  
TO TRAFFIC!



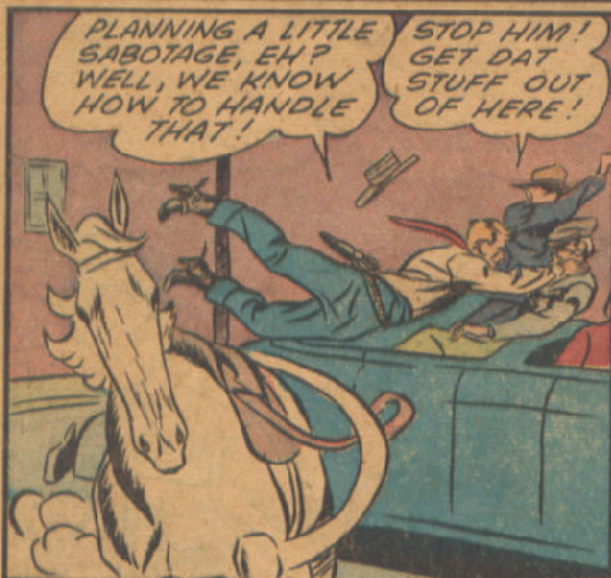
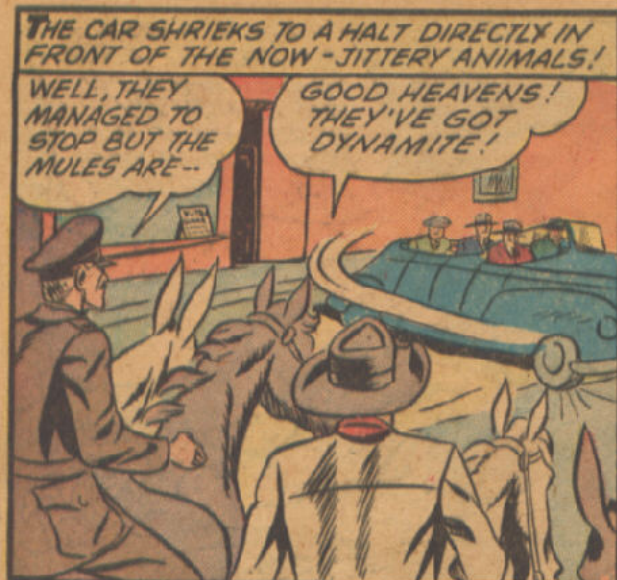
IN THE CAR --

ALL RIGHT, OTTO --  
LIGHT DER  
FUSES!

LET ME  
HAVE DER  
STICKS!









FRITZ MAKES CONTACT WITH AN ARMY MULE!



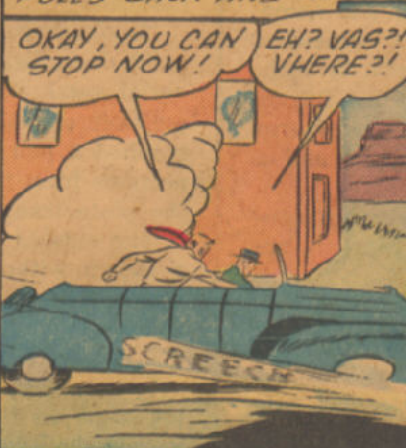
I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE WHILE DER IS STILL TIME!

HOWEVER, BILL RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW --



OWW-- SAY! WHAT HIT ME? HEY! WE'RE MOVING!

SWIFTLY, BILL LUNGES FORWARD AND GRABS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE OF THE NOW SPEEDING CAR! HE PULLS BACK AND ...



OKAY, YOU CAN STOP NOW!

EH? WAS? WHERE?!

AND THIS IS FOR THE CRACK ON THE HEAD YOU GAVE ME!



OW-W!

CAPTAIN GRIND RIDES UP--

BEAUTIFUL, BILL! WE'VE GOT THE REST OF THEM!



GOOD-- NOW ABOUT THE MULES? HOPE IT DIDN'T RILE THEM UP TOO MUCH--I PROMISED IKE I'D BE BACK FOR DINNER!

LATER--

HI, BILL-- ANY EXCITEMENT?



HUH-- YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER, IKE. THAN TO SUGGEST THERE MIGHT BE ANY-THING EXCITING ABOUT A MULE!

BULL'S EYE BILL HAS A LITTLE MORE FURLOUGH TIME -- BUT, WE KNOW FURLOUGHS DON'T MEAN REST FOR CAPTAIN BILL TARGET!





**J**ERRY WILKINS, fireman on the freighter Landen, regained consciousness as a sudden lurch of the ship splashed water over his face while he lay prostrate on the floor. As his mind cleared, he remembered how a similar lurch, following the explosion, had thrown him from the ladder. And, as he had been the last to attempt to leave the fireroom, his mates hadn't seen his frantic efforts to hold on.

Now as he got to his feet he began once more to crawl up the ladder. The water was rising. His body ached and he still was somewhat dazed. He persisted though and, inch by inch, he ascended. Then, when he felt his fingers slipping and things going black, a brawny arm was thrust through the opening above and a strong hand grasped his wrist.

On deck, with a fresh breeze blowing, consciousness again returned. Steve Morgan, another fireman, stood nearby.

"Feel better, kid?" he asked.

"Yes, Steve, and thanks for giving me a hand. How bad is the damage?"

"Torpedo hit the stern . . . rudder and propeller busted . . . won't sink right away unless we get another hit . . ." He hustled away to obey an order.

Jerry attempted to get to his feet, but failed. The fall had winded him and he lay back and closed his eyes.

He'd been on the freighter three days. Shipping as fireman had been far from his mind until just before he signed up. He'd always wanted to be a radio operator—on ship. Radio had been his dream. But he'd done more than dream; he'd worked and studied, denied himself luxuries, even proper meals, so he'd have time and money for school.

**A**S HE lay on deck now behind a pile of fallen timbers which hid him from view, he heard voices.

"The radio room is practically wrecked, Sir," someone said. "The operator is badly injured."

"Is he too far gone to send out a distress call?"

Jerry recognized the Captain's voice.

"Afraid so, Sir. Besides the apparatus seems hopelessly damaged." The two men moved away.

Jerry stirred a leg. He tried the other. He flexed the muscles of his arms. The fresh breeze and few minutes rest had done wonders. His mind raced. There wasn't time to reason things out. Here was a chance to be of service. He managed to get to his feet and approached the master who stood near the rail. Captain Hansen's face was grave.

"If I may have permission, Sir," Jerry addressed him, "I'd like to try rigging up an emergency set. I've had considerable experience, Sir."

**J**ERRY entered the radio room. Fallen timbers had wrecked the motor-generator.

Wires were torn loose. Splintered glass from a big amplifying tube littered the table. The equipment wasn't modern; probably had been on the freighter since she was built.

Captain Hansen shook his head in a negative manner.

"Looks hopeless, son," he remarked.

"It does, Sir, but I'll try to hook up a simple aerial spark transmitter . . . it's impossible to use even one side of the regular circuit . . ." He grabbed a pair of pliers and removed all connections from the three secondary terminals of the plate transformer, connecting the antenna to one outside secondary terminal. He flipped a switch without result. He examined other parts.

While Jerry worked, Captain Hansen gazed out across the sea. A quarter mile away the submarine was surfacing; then began maneuvering close to the damaged freighter. It let go with a shell which dropped into the sea. The next shell made a direct hit on the deck aft.

Captain Hansen's first thought was of the drums of high-octane gasoline the ship carried. If they became ignited there'd be difficulty launching the boats. There was no way to cope with the submarine. His only hope, and a slim one, was the wireless.

He ordered the crew to abandon ship and lay off astern. He remained behind. As the last boat cleared away a shell hit near the drums. Fire leaped high and within a few seconds the deck aft was burning furiously.

In the radio room sweat rolled from Jerry's face, and as he leaned over the table tousled hair fell across bloodshot eyes. With one hand he flung it back and completed a connection.

Jerry long had thought of the time when he'd be an operator aboard ship. But his wildest dreams never pictured anything like this. So deep was his concentration as he frantically



spliced wires, making numerous experiments, that it was some moments before he realized the ship was on fire.

**B**UT AFTER what seemed like ages, with tools and discarded parts littering the table, he tapped the key. A tiny spark flashed across the gap. It worked. His face was flushed with victory. But this was no time for elation. Without a moment's hesitation he began sending a distress call. Three dots, three dashes, three dots—S O S. He repeated it over and over, giving every few seconds the freighter's name. He didn't know the ship's call letters. He didn't know its position, and he couldn't ask Captain Hansen. The skipper had his hands full directing the launching of the boats. But Jerry kept up the calls, working blindly, as he had no receiving set. Then, suddenly, Captain Hansen appeared in the doorway. In an instant he saw what was happening.

"Fine work, son," he rapped out, grabbing Jerry's arm in a vise-like grip, "but now we'll have to make a dive for our very lives . . . we'll be under in a matter of minutes." As he spoke the ship's deck seemed to fall away. "Hurry," he said, "overboard—as fast as you can. . ."

Caught in the suction of the sinking freighter, Jerry twice was carried under by entangling rigging, but each time fought his way to the surface. Captain Hansen, swimming rapidly, was picked up by a lifeboat, took command, and directed the rescue of Jerry, who, all but exhausted, was hauled aboard. A few minutes later all that remained in sight were the three lifeboats with their twenty survivors, and in the distance the U-boat, still on the surface. Overhead a warm sun sent its rays across a calm sea.

Jerry wondered if his efforts had been successful. The same thought was in Captain Hansen's mind.

"Do you think your calls got through, son?" he asked, his face drawn.

"Yes, sir," Jerry replied. "The chances are good, sir."

"They'll be able to fix our position, I understand. . ."

"Yes, sir, by triangulation, especially if shore stations received the call."

"How about other ships in the vicinity?"

"That seems even more likely, sir."

**T**HE AFTERNOON wore on. Captain Hansen began the careful rationing of food and water stored in the boats. They might drift or sail for days. . .

The night passed. Men slept occasionally for a few minutes, others keeping watch but without sign of a ship. There was very little grumbling. And in the first glow of sunrise all hands were

thrilled by a tiny speck on the horizon. It grew larger. Evidently the U-boat captain saw it, too, for a few minutes later he began submerging. And as the vessel became distinguishable to the men in the boats a shout went up.

"A United States destroyer," Captain Hansen announced, his face breaking into a grin. But the destroyer wasn't heading their way. Its course was set straight for the submerging U-boat.

"It'll take care of the sub first," Captain Hansen said.

A few minutes later the destroyer did just that. A salvo of depth bombs was dropped. The sub, only partly submerged, circled slowly for ten minutes, then, completely disabled, plunged beneath the surface. Turning then, the destroyer headed toward the open boats.

"I feel like cheering," Jerry exclaimed, his face glowing.

"Go ahead and cheer, son," Captain Hansen laughed. "You've got a right to."

#### THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF TARGET COMICS, published ten issues per year at Philadelphia, Penna., for October 1, 1943.

State of Pennsylvania }  
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Novelty Press, Inc., publisher of TARGET COMICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 McIntyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 McIntyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Novelty Press, Inc.

R. E. MacNEAL, Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1943.

W. C. ZIMMERMAN, Notary Public.

(My commission expires February 3, 1945.)



# CANDID Charlie

By B. Gordon Guth

CHARLIE WAS ON HIS WAY TO MEXICO TO INVESTIGATE SABOTAGE OF AN OIL WELL OWNED BY MR. VAN GILT. UNKNOWINGLY HE FELL INTO A TRAP SET BY TWO ENEMY AGENTS, WHO WERE OUT TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM LEARNING TOO MUCH ABOUT THE SITUATION. ONE NIGHT WHILE SNAPPING A PICTURE CHARLIE WAS PUSHED OFF THE TRAIN. LUCKILY HE LANDED ON A LOADED WHEAT BARGE. LATER IT DOCKED AT A PIER NEAR THE R.R. STATION  
BLIT----



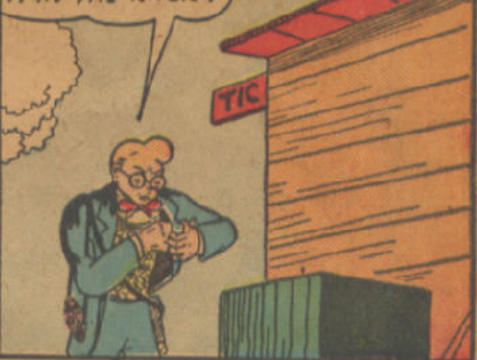
WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN ARRIVE? AND WILL IT TAKE ME TO THE BORDER?

ETS

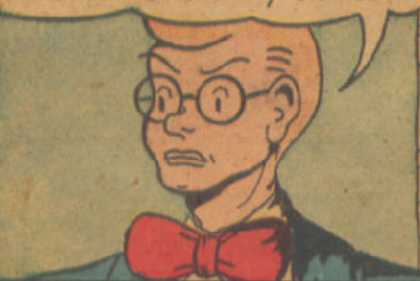
IT AINT THET EASY SON! YA GOTTA BUY A TICKET AT THE NEXT JUNCTION. THERE WON'T BE ANY TRAIN PASSIN HERE FER A WEEK. IT'LL COST YA A DOLLAR FER SAM HOGAN TA DRIVE YA THERE.



GOLLY, MY WALLET'S GONE! MUST HAVE DROPPED IT IN THE RIVER.



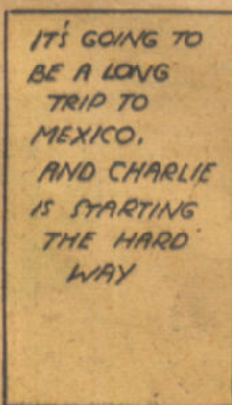
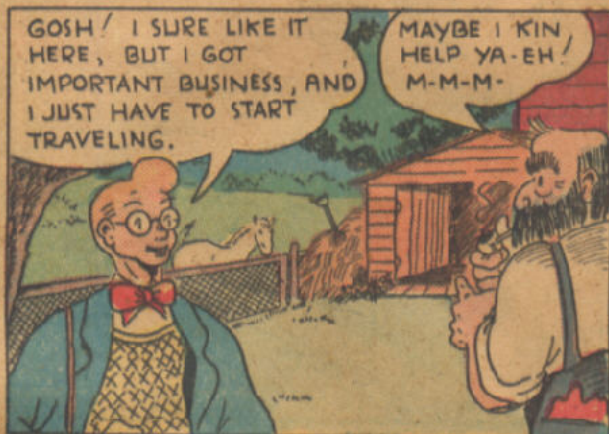
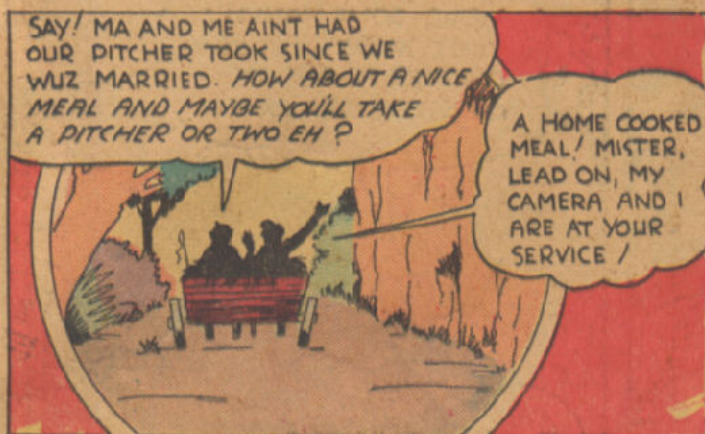
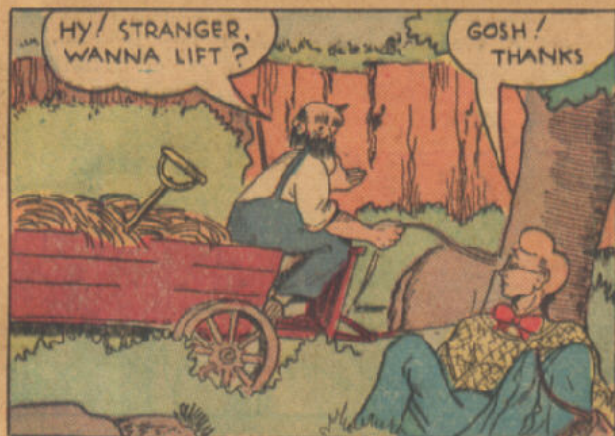
HERE I AM HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, BROKE, HUNGRY, THE ONLY THING LEFT IS MY CAMERA, AND I CANT EAT IT. AS IT IS, I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, BUT I'M GETTING AWFULLY SCARED.



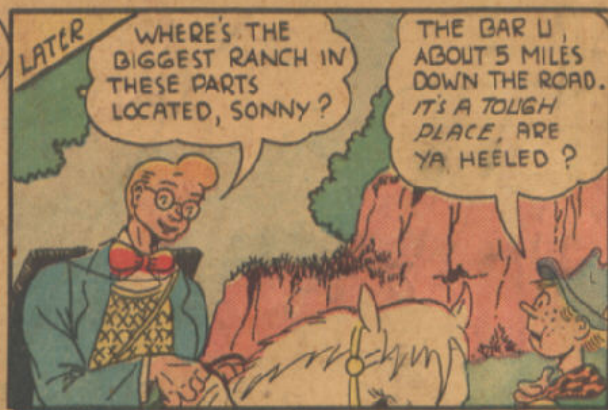
GETTING NO SYMPATHY OR HELP IN THE LITTLE TOWN, CHARLIE STARTS TO HIKE TO THE NEXT TOWN.



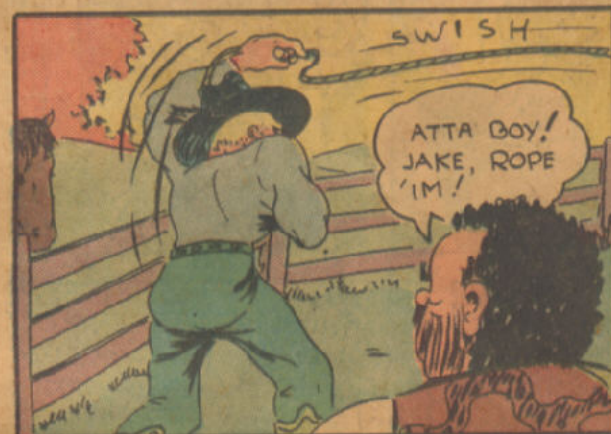
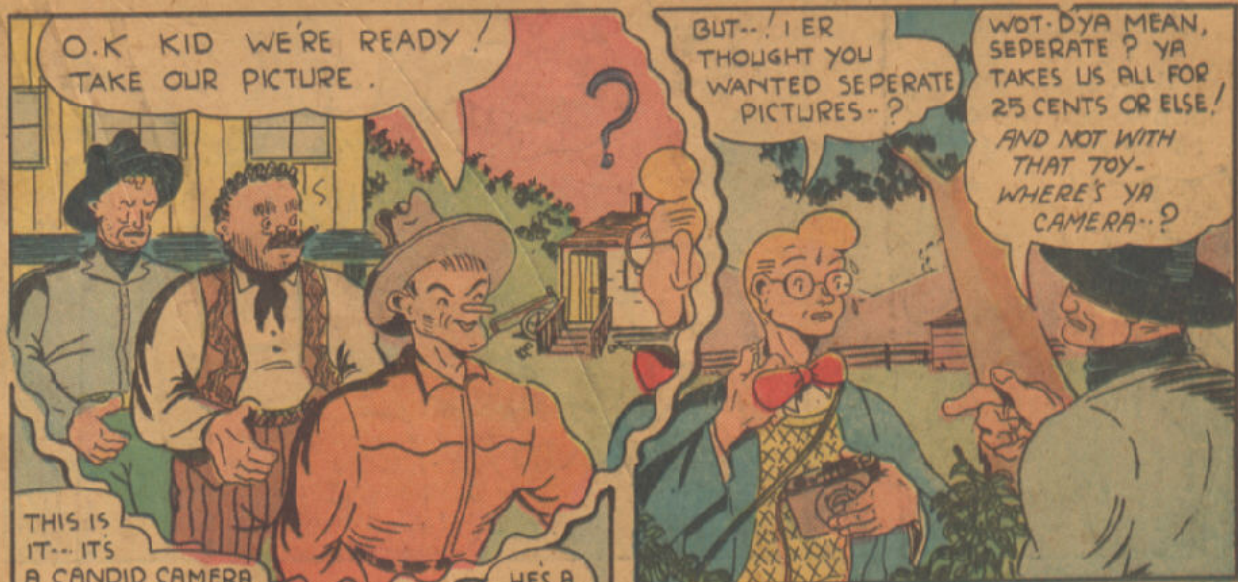




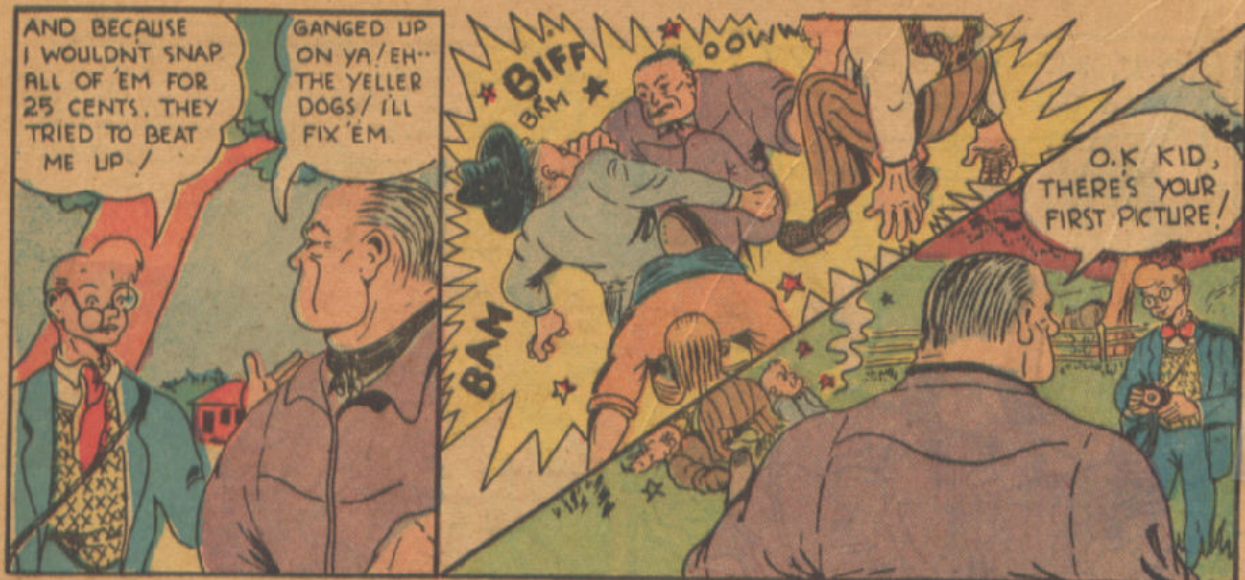




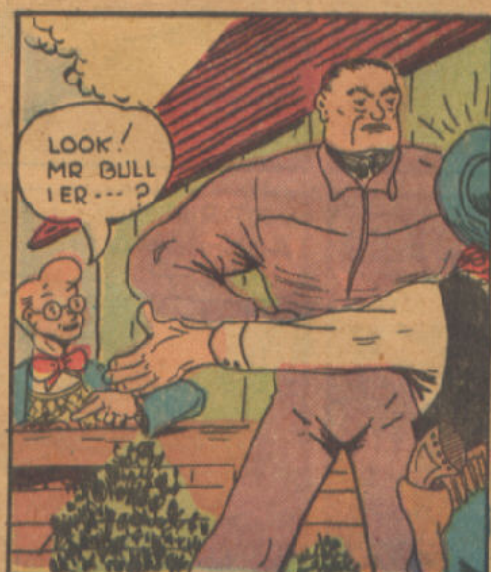
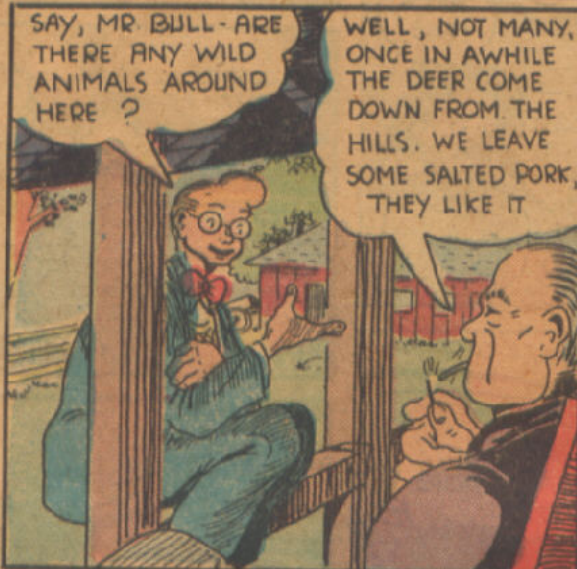




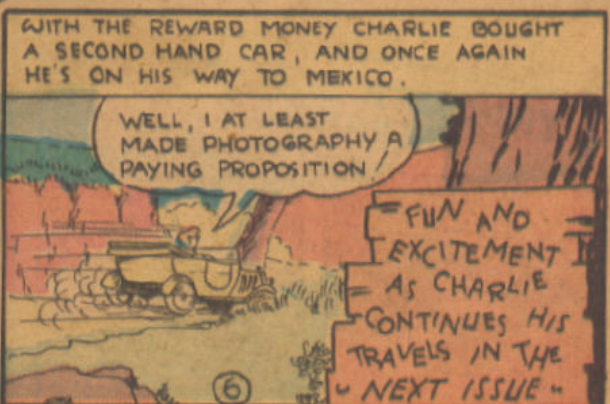
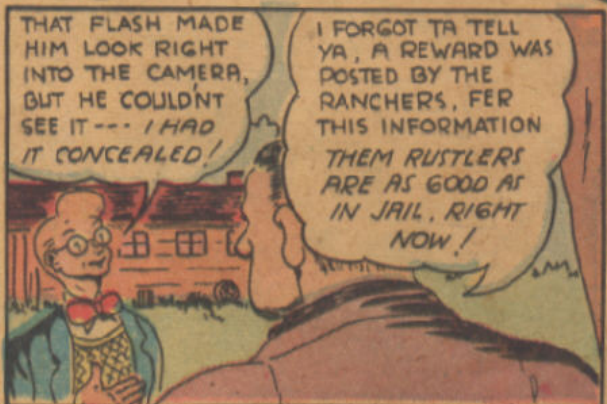
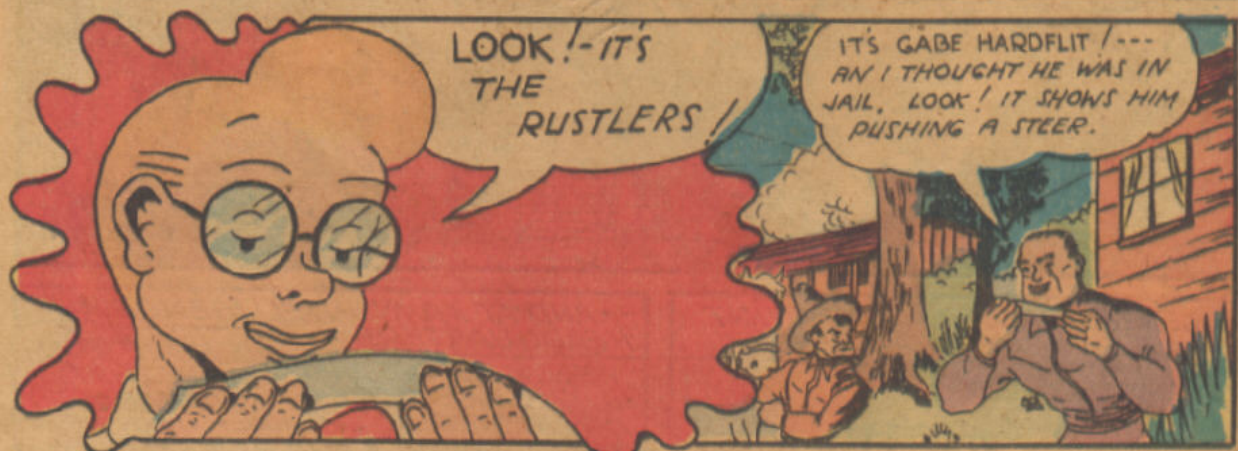
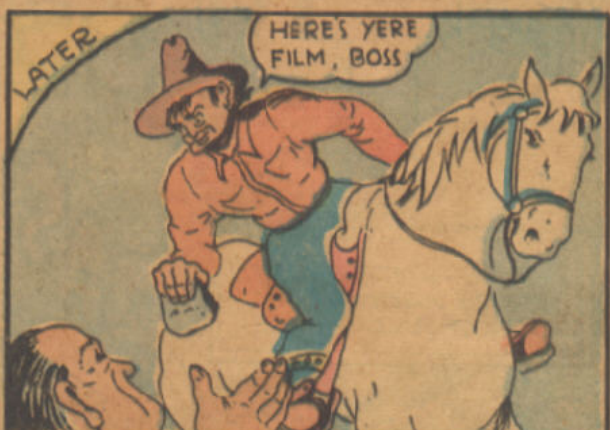




THE FOREMAN OF BAR U ASKS CHARLIE TO STAY OVERNIGHT, BUT BEFORE HE GOES TO SLEEP, CHARLIE GETS AN IDEA







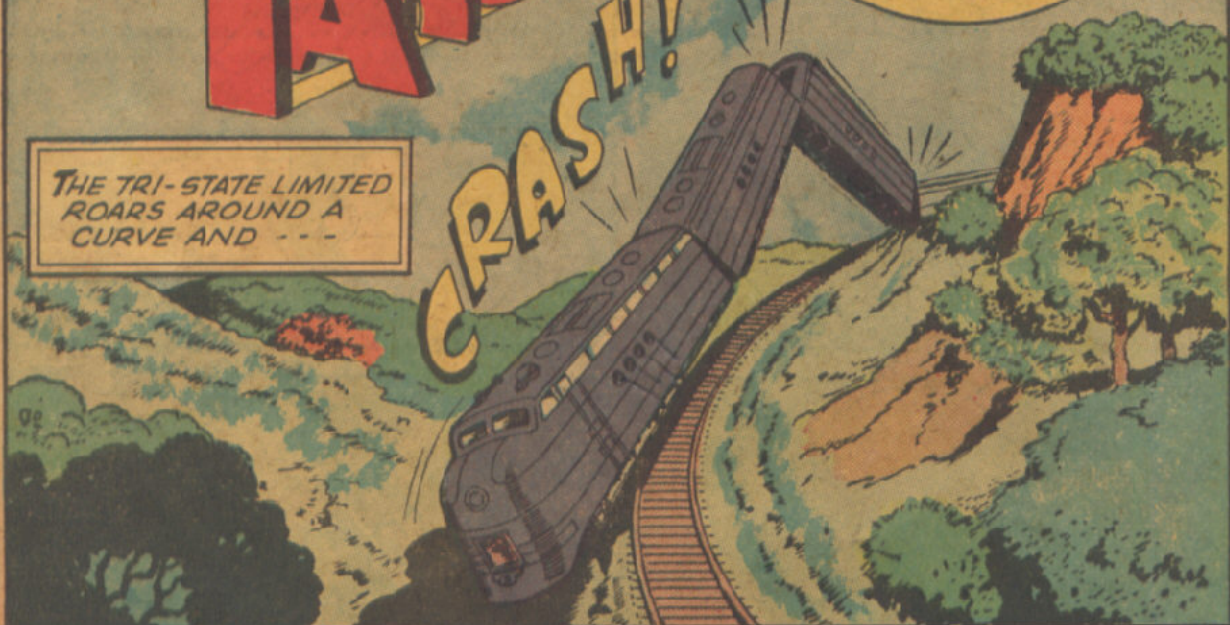


# THE TARGET

## and the TARGETEERS

THE TRI-STATE LIMITED  
ROARS AROUND A  
CURVE AND ---

CRASH!



THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES THAT  
SAME EVENING READ ---

The DAILY

**TRI-STATE LIMITED  
DERAILED!**

**TWO HUNDRED DEAD IN  
LATEST TRAIN CATASTROPHE.**

**THIRD TRAIN WRECK  
IN THE STATE IN  
PAST MONTH --**

LOCAL NEWS  
NATIONAL NEWS  
INTERNATIONAL NEWS  
SPORTS  
ENTERTAINMENT

LOCAL NEWS  
NATIONAL NEWS  
INTERNATIONAL NEWS  
SPORTS  
ENTERTAINMENT

LOCAL NEWS  
NATIONAL NEWS  
INTERNATIONAL NEWS  
SPORTS  
ENTERTAINMENT

LOCAL NEWS  
NATIONAL NEWS  
INTERNATIONAL NEWS  
SPORTS  
ENTERTAINMENT

REPE  
COR  
TAC  
ROY  
TO

-- AND AT ARMY INTELLIGENCE  
HEADQUARTERS ---

WELL, BOYS, THE ARMY  
IS BECOMING VERY  
INTERESTED IN  
THESE TRAIN  
WRECKS!

I HOPE YOU  
MEAN THAT  
WE'RE BEING  
ASSIGNED TO  
THE INVESTIGATION!  
THIS KIND OF SABOTAGE  
MUST BE STOPPED!





YES-- IN EVERY CASE, HIGH ARMY OFFICIALS HAVE BEEN KILLED!

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT CIVILIANS INVOLVED!



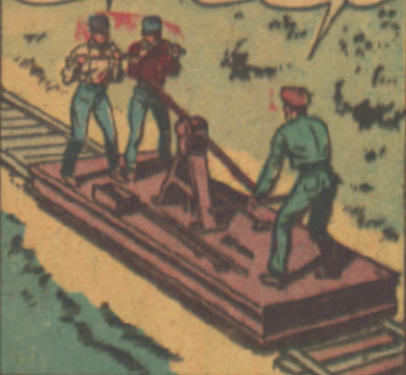
SIR, WE'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO WORK ON THIS CASE IN OUR OWN WAY!

CERTAINLY, NILES-- WE'RE NOT GOING TO START INTERFERING WITH THE METHODS OF THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS NOW! GOOD LUCK!



SOMETIME LATER--  
OKAY, WE'RE RAILROAD WORKERS NOW, NILES--  
WHAT NEXT?

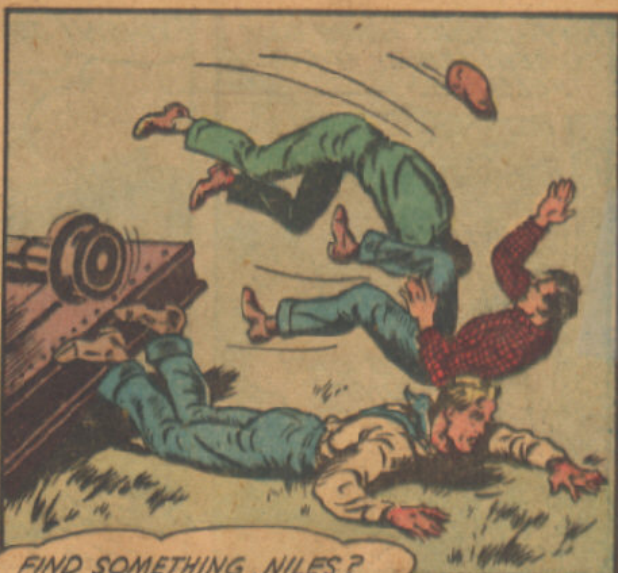
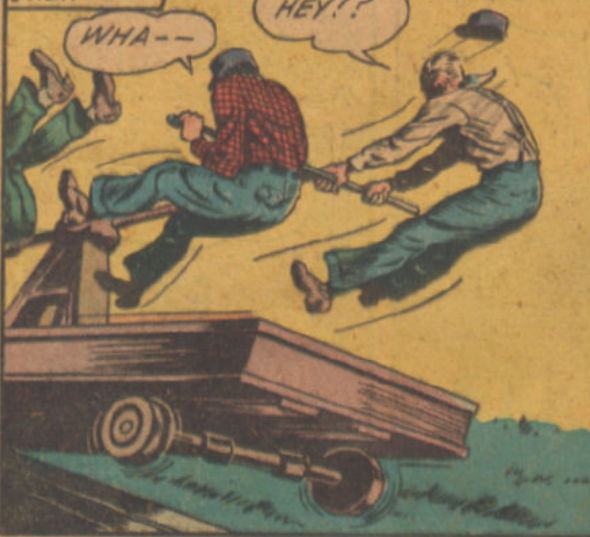
NOTHING UNTIL WE GET SOME KIND OF LEAD!



THEN---

HEY!?

WHA--



FIND SOMETHING, NILES?

WOW! WHAT DID WE HIT?

I DON'T KNOW-- LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT RAIL!

YOU BET-- A DERAILER, TOM! RAILROAD MEN OFTEN USE THEM TO STOP A RUNAWAY CAR!





I WONDER WHAT IT'S BEEN PUT THERE FOR? CERTAINLY NOT TO TRIP US UP! HMM... THREE THIRTY! HOLY SMOKES! THE MEMORIAL LIMITED IS DUE THROUGH HERE ANY MINUTE! GET TO WORK, BOYS!



THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS SET TO WORK - FRANTICALLY RIPPING THE DEVICE FROM THE TRACK!



UH! THESE NUTS ARE SURE SCREWED ON TIGHT!

I'LL SAY-- MMM-- THIS ONE'S LOOSENING!

HEY-- LOOK! HERE SHE COMES! HURRY IT UP, FELLOWS!



IT'S OFF! JUMP!

WHEW! JUST MADE IT!



THERE'S JUST A SLIM CHANCE THAT THE BOYS WHO SET THIS GADGET IN PLACE ARE HANGING AROUND WAITING FOR THE CRASH!

COULD BE-- WON'T HURT TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



WELL, IF WE MEET ANY SABOTEURS, I WANT IT TO BE AS THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS!

OKAY...



THE THREE HASTILY THROW OFF THEIR CAMOUFLAGE AND START A SEARCH!



THERE'S A TRUCK STOPPED ON THE HIGHWAY!

THEY LOOK AS IF THEY HAVE A FLAT TIRE!

OR MAYBE THEY FIGURE THAT'S A GOOD DISGUISE!



THAT COULD BE, DAVE! THEY'RE IN A GOOD POSITION TO HEAR THE CRASH WHEN THE TRAIN WENT OFF THE RAIL!

HOW DO WE CHECK UP ON THEM, NILES?

WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE BEFORE WE START ANY TROUBLE -- YOU TWO START SOMETHING AND ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION WHILE I GET A LOOK INSIDE THAT TRUCK!

RIGHT!

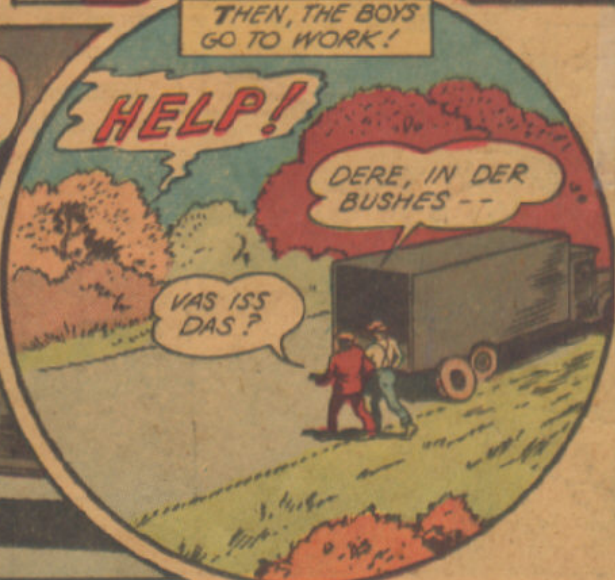


THEN, THE BOYS GO TO WORK!

**HELP!**

DERE, IN DER BUSHES --

VAS ISS DAS?



AND, AT THE TRUCK --

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- DER TRAIN VENT RIGHT BY -- ARE YOU SHURE VE PUT DAT DERAILER ON RIGHT?

JA -- SOMETHING HASS GONE WRONG! BUT VASS -- HOW?



MAYBE IT ISS DER DUMB-KOPFS WHO RUINED OUR PLANS -- COME, VE SEE!

UND VE KILL HIM! -- BUT BE CAREFUL, OTTO!



TOM AND DAVE GOT THEM AWAY -- GOOD! NOW TO EXAMINE THE CONTENTS OF THEIR TRUCK...



WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, I'M SURE -- THOSE MEN HAD A GOOD THICK GERMAN ACCENT BUT IT WON'T HURT TO MAKE CERTAIN!

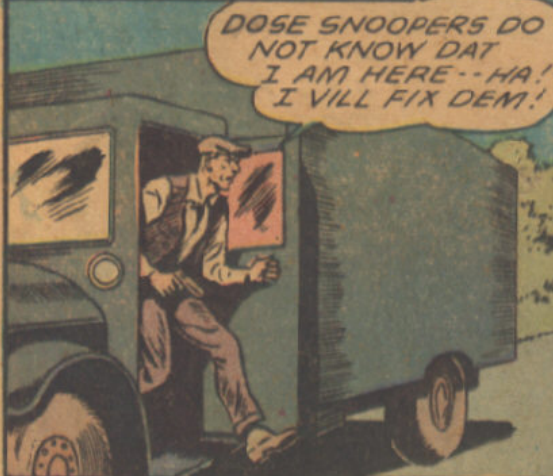








MEANWHILE, ANOTHER NAZI... THE TRUCK'S DRIVER -- QUIETLY SNEAKS OUT BEHIND TARGET...



DOSE SNOOPERS DO NOT KNOW DAT I AM HERE--HA! I VILL FIX DEM!

UP MIT DER HANDS!



OH-OH! I LET MYSELF IN FOR THIS! HMM-- THAT TIRE...

NILES DUCKS AND KICKS OUT---



SVINE!

SWINE YOURSELF!

DONDER!



MOVING SWIFTLY, NILES RECOVERS THE NAZI'S GUN AND...



WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS HOW YOU GUYS MANAGED TO GET TIRES AND GAS!

BAH!

OH, SO YOU'VE BEEN BUSY, TOO, TARGET?

HERE THEY ARE-- ALL PACKED FOR DELIVERY!

NICE WORK!



A FEW HOURS LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS--

CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS! I HAVE NO DOUBT, MAJOR HANLON, THAT THESE NAZIS' THE REST OF IT IS UP TO US! THEY'LL BE READY TO TELL YOU WHO THE RING LEADERS ARE!



TARGET AND TARGETEERS HAVE DONE IT AGAIN AND THEY'LL BE BACK TO DO IT AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE! YOU CAN DO IT AGAIN YOURSELF BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



# SPECK SPOT and SIS..

WHO'S DOG? THIS QUESTION IS YET TO BE DECIDED -AND NOW IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY.

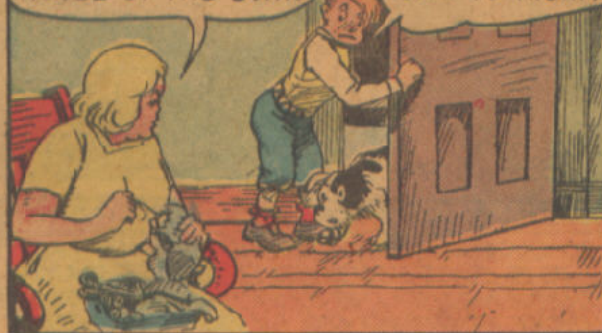
HE'S A ONE-MAN DOG -- AND THAT MAN IS ME!

WOW!



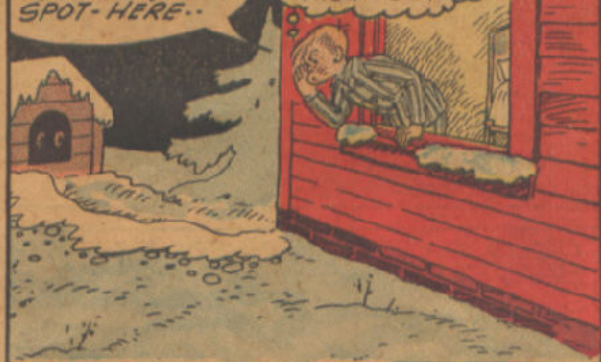
THAT DOG MUST STAY OUTSIDE - HE HAS A HOUSE OF HIS OWN!

AW-MOM - IT'S COLD OUTSIDE TO-NIGHT!



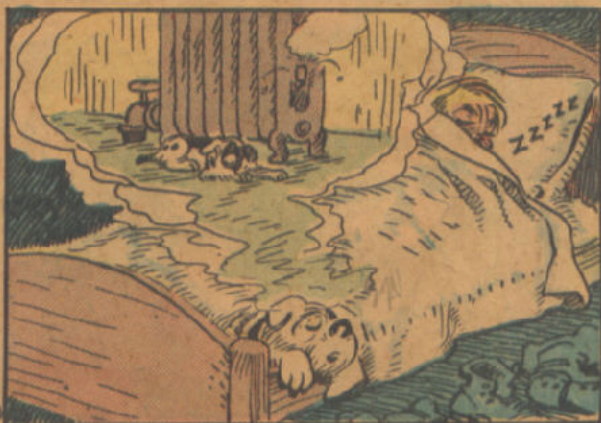
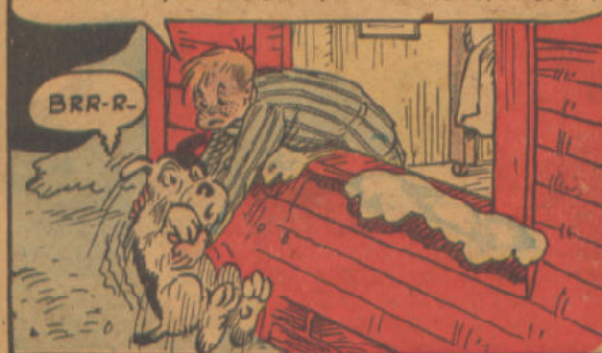
WHISTLE - (IN THE SOFT TONE) HERE SPOT - HERE..

I DON'T LIKE TO DISOBEY MOM - BUT --

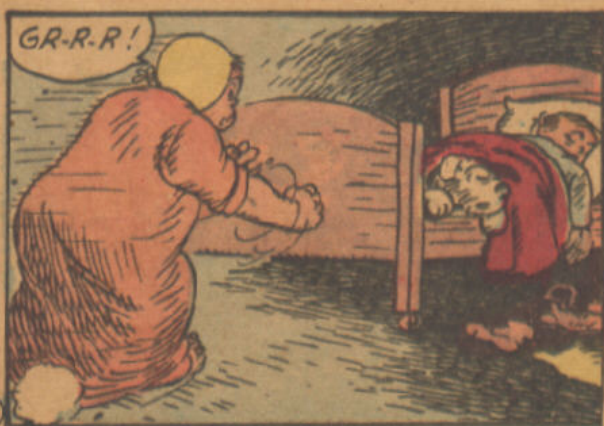
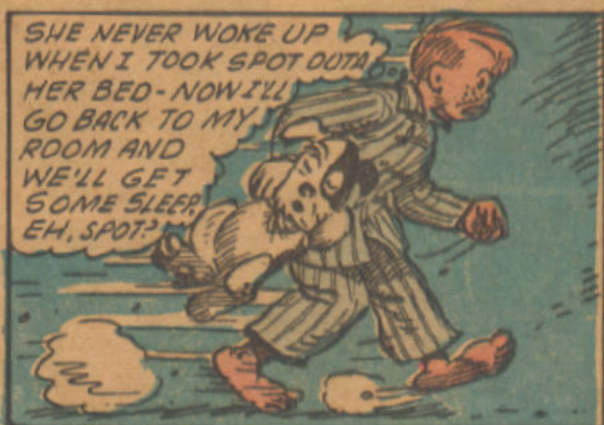
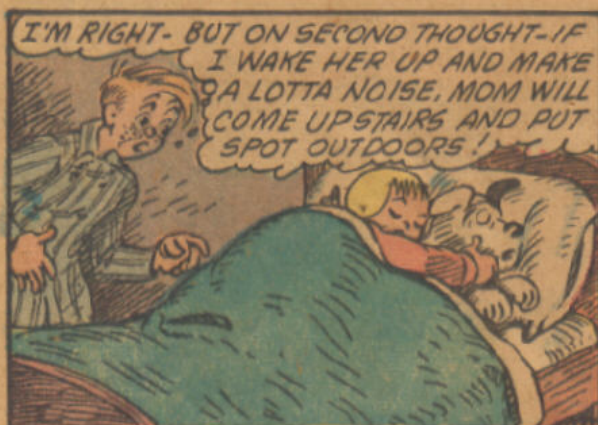
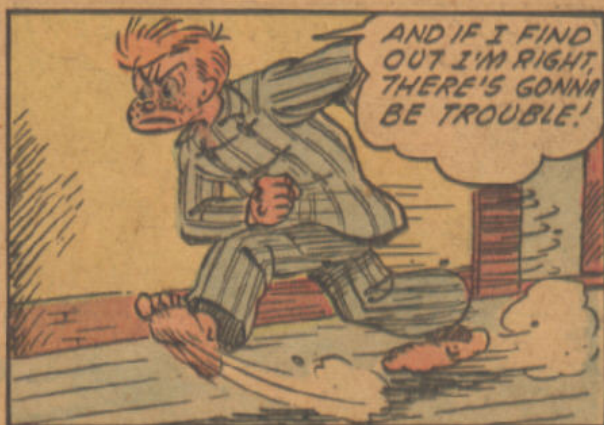
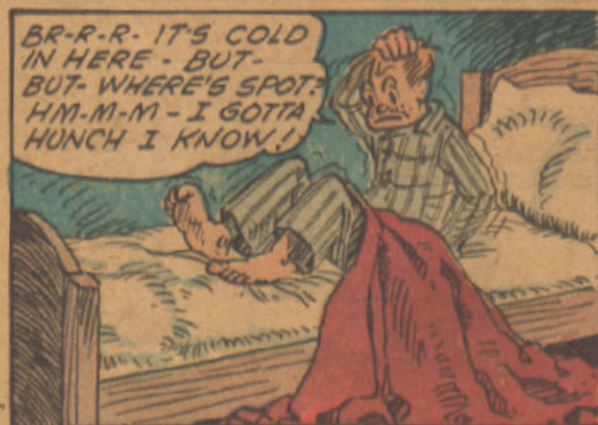
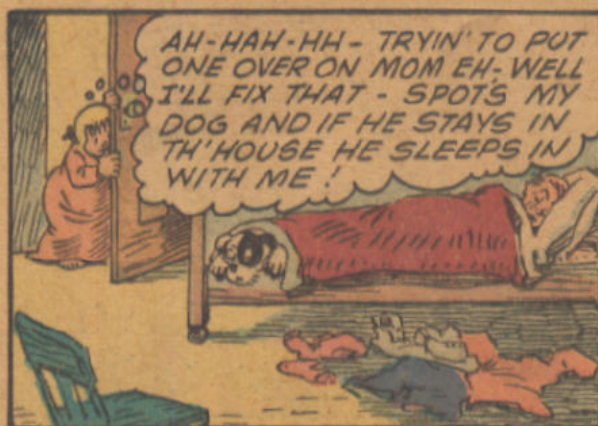


MOM JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND DOGS - COME ON, OLD BOY - YOU'RE NEAR FROZEN!

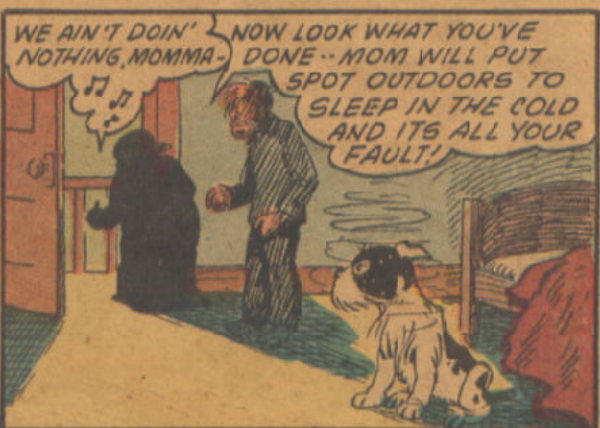
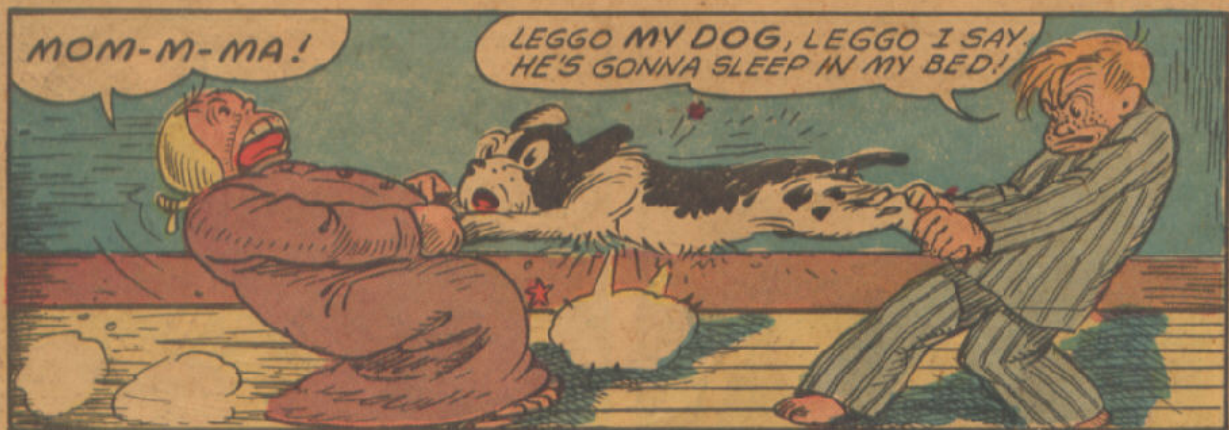
BRR-R-



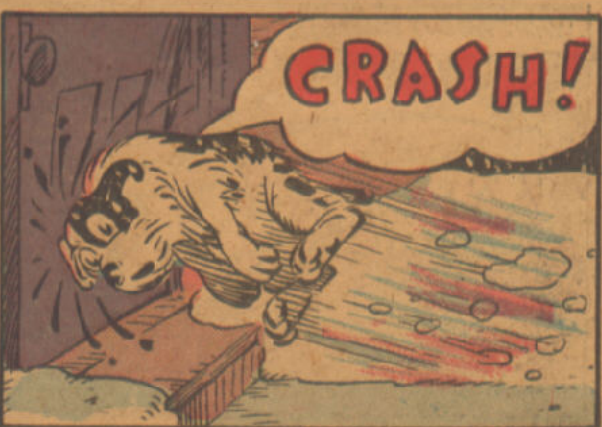
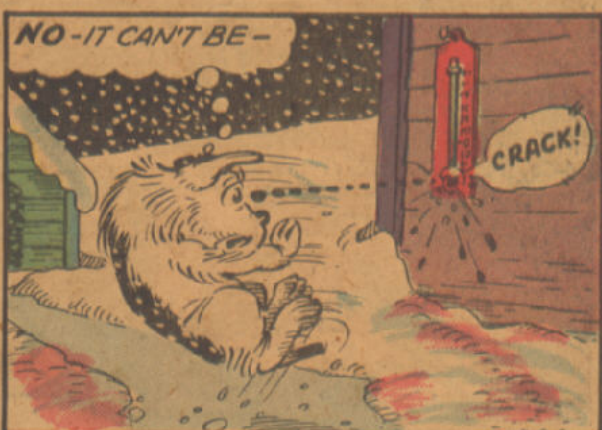
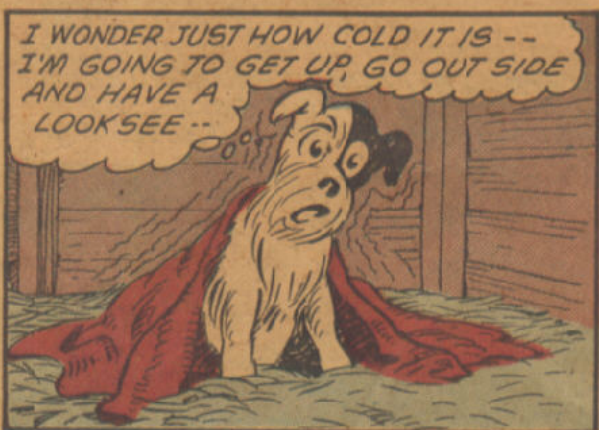
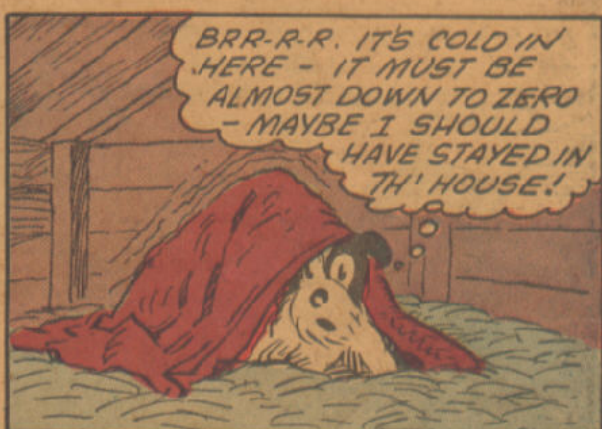
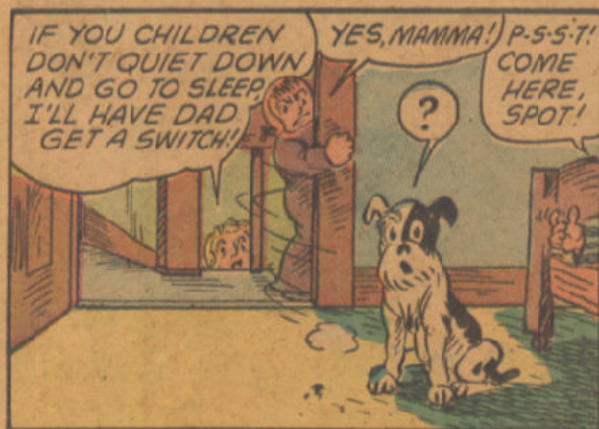




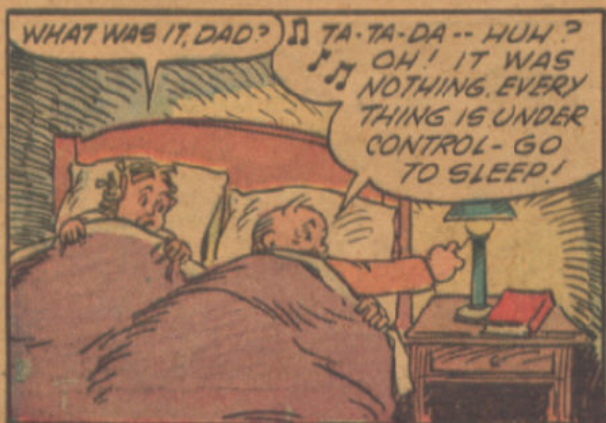
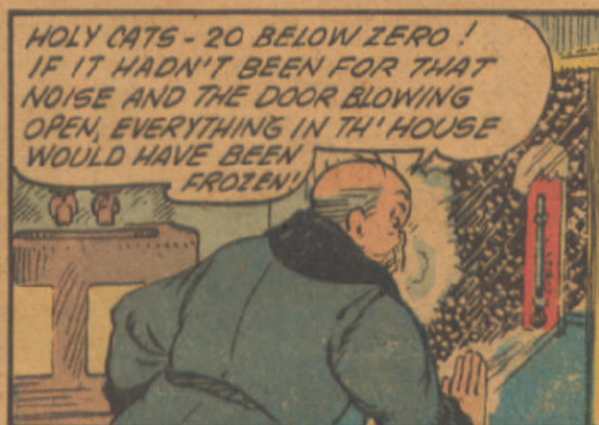
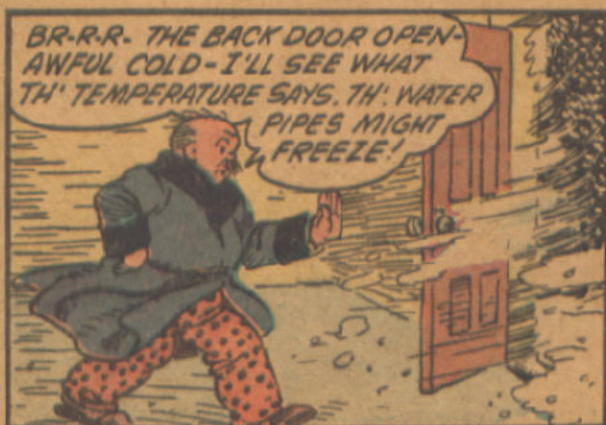
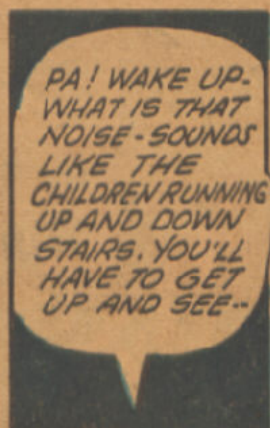
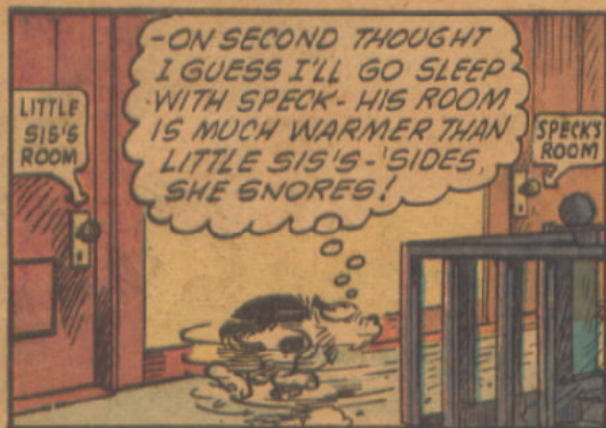












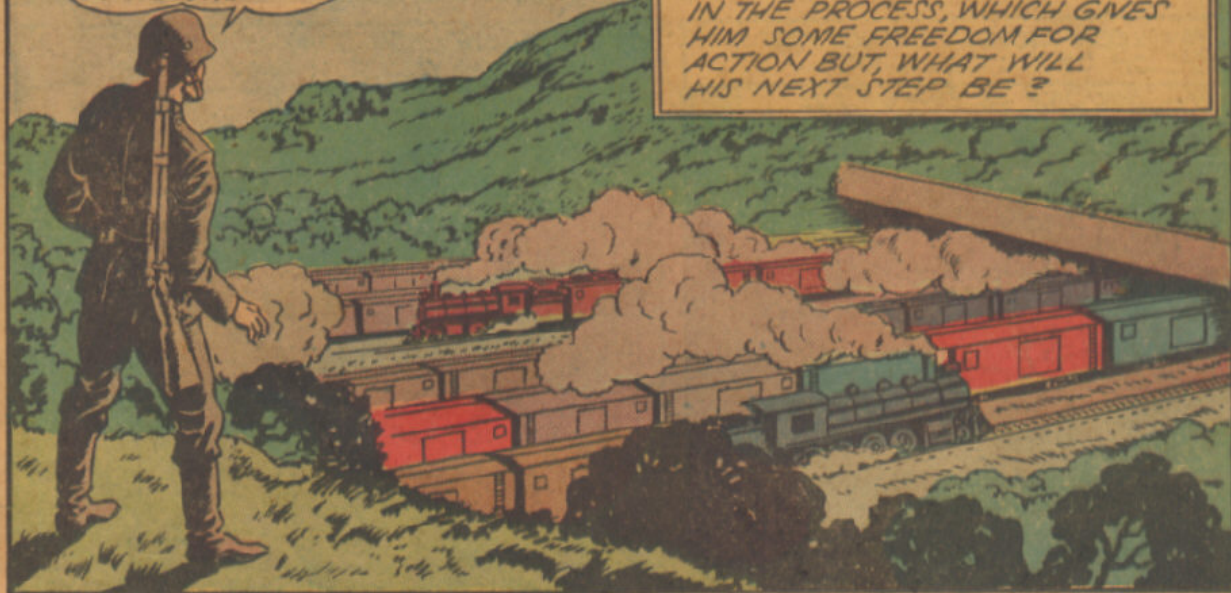


PETE STOCKBRIDGE

# The CHAMELEON

WHAT A SPOT TO BE  
IN-- I'VE GOT TO GET  
THIS LIST OF GERMAN  
SPIES TO BRITISH  
INTELLIGENCE  
AND STILL--

PARACHUTING FROM THE DISABLED  
HELICOPTER, CHAMELEON LANDS  
DEEP INSIDE GERMANY AND  
STUMBLES UPON AN UNDERGROUND  
MUNITIONS PLANT. HE SUCCEEDS  
IN ELUDING PURSUIT AND  
ACQUIRES A NAZI UNIFORM  
IN THE PROCESS, WHICH GIVES  
HIM SOME FREEDOM FOR  
ACTION BUT, WHAT WILL  
HIS NEXT STEP BE?



THIS IS THE CHANCE  
OF A LIFETIME! WITH  
A LITTLE LUCK I  
COULD DO A  
SABOTAGE JOB  
ON THIS PLANT  
THAT WOULD PUT  
A KINK IN THE  
NAZI WAR  
EFFORT!

THEN--

SOMEONE COMING...  
I'D BETTER MAKE UP MY  
MIND QUICKLY! CAN'T  
TAKE A CHANCE BY  
TALKING TO THESE  
GUYS IN--





I THINK I'LL TAKE A CHANCE  
ON IT -- HERE COMES A FREIGHT  
TRAIN...



HERE GOES!



CHAMELEON LANDS SAFELY ON  
TOP OF A BOX CAR --

HM -- THESE CARS MUST BE  
EMPTIES! THEY'RE HEADING  
INTO THE FACTORY... PRO-  
BABLY TO PICK UP A LOAD!



CHAMELEON MOVES ALONG THE  
TOP OF THE TRAIN UNTIL --

AH -- THIS ONE IS OPEN! I'LL  
DUCK UNTIL I CAN GET THE LAY  
OF THE LAND!



BUT, AS CHAMELEON LOWERS HIMSELF  
THROUGH THE DOOR, A MAN TURNS  
SWIFTLY...

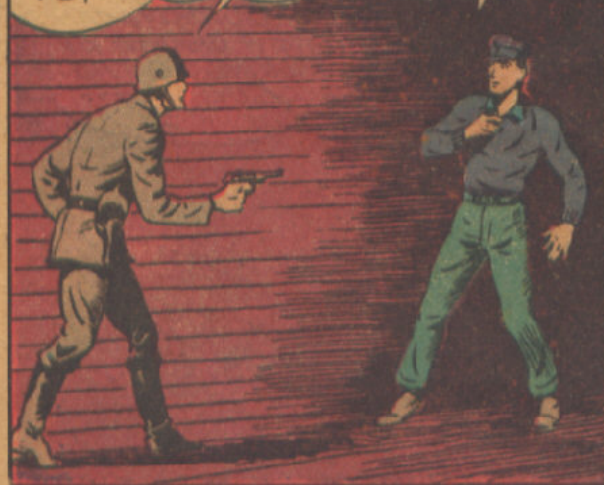
WHA -- WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?

HUH?



STAND BACK -- NOW  
WHAT ARE YOU UP  
TO?

I -- I WAS  
JUST



WAIT A SEC...  
WHAT'S  
THAT BEHIND  
YOU?

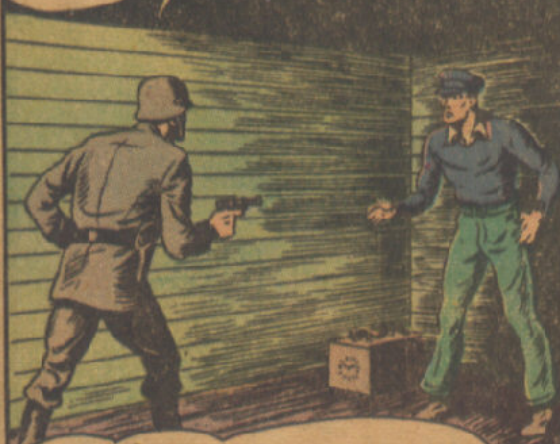
WHAT DID YOU SAY?  
WHY -- YOU'RE NOT  
A NAZI?





NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT -- STAND ASIDE!

ALL RIGHT -- IT'S A TIME BOMB!



I'M BERT MANVILLE, A BRITISH SABOTAGE EXPERT, THIS TIME-BOMB IS INTENDED TO BLOW UP THE UNDERGROUND PLANT!

I'M PETE STOCKBRIDGE, ATTACHED TO ALLIED SECRET SERVICE!



WOW! WELL, YOU'RE NO NAZI EITHER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF IT WEREN'T THE SAME REASON YOU ARE HERE!



WE MIGHT AS WELL WORK TOGETHER ON THIS -- IT SEEMS WE'RE AFTER THE SAME THING!

WHAT WAS YOUR PLAN? I SORT OF STUMBLED INTO THIS SO...



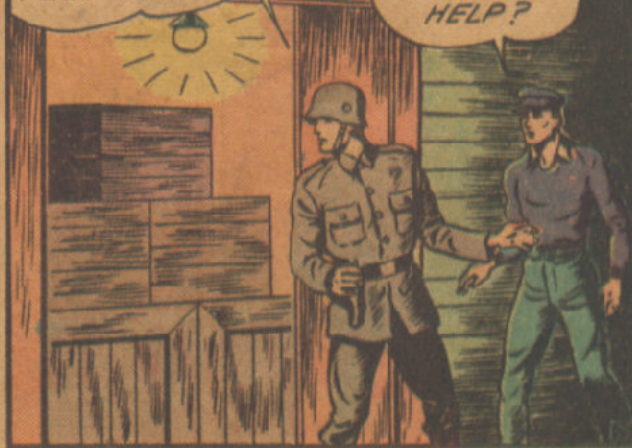
WELL, MY INSTRUCTIONS WERE ONLY TO SEE THAT THIS UNDERGROUND PLANT WAS DESTROYED--IF I GET OUT OF IT, I'M TO RADIO LONDON AND THEY'LL SEND A PLANE FOR ME!

GOOD-- WE'LL SEE YOU GET OUT BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO GET TO ENGLAND AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!



WAIT-- THE TRAIN'S SLOWING DOWN! WE MUST BE PULLING IN AT A LOADING PLATFORM!

RIGHT-- WE'D BETTER GET THIS TIME BOMB IN PLACE QUICKLY-- WILL YOU HELP?





IT'S A PLEASURE! THIS IS A NEAT JOB, BERT-- THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT!

I TRUST NOT-- WE'LL HAVE TO STICK AROUND AS LONG AS POSSIBLE TO MAKE CERTAIN! THE BOMB IS SET TO GO OFF IN AN HOUR! WHAT NOW?

I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU PRISONER-- THAT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO HANG AROUND UNTIL THE LOADING IS WELL UNDER WAY!

RIGHTO! BUT THEN WHAT?



THE TRAIN COMES TO A HALT AND--

NOW, VERDAMPT SPY, YOU GET WHAT IS COMING TO YOU!

VAS?!

?

NO!  
NO!



MOVE, NOW OR I SHOOT!

AH-- WHAT HAPPENED, PRIVATE?

YOU FILTHY HUN-- TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



I CAUGHT DER ENGLISHER JUMPING ON DER TRAIN OUTSIDE DER YARDS--NATURALLY, I FOLLOWED HIM AND TOOK HIM PRISONER!

GOOT VORK! YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR POST NOW, I TAKE CARE OF HIM!

BUT-- HE ISS MY PRISONER! I VILL TAKE HIM OUTSIDE TO DER MILITARY POLICE UND HAFF HIM--

DER GESTAPO UND DER GUARDS HERE VILL HANDLE DAT! YOU VILL OBEY ORDERS OR I VILL HAFF YOU SHOT FOR INSUBORDINATION!

OH-- OH!



SO, YOU WANT TO SWIPE MY PRISONER, EH?

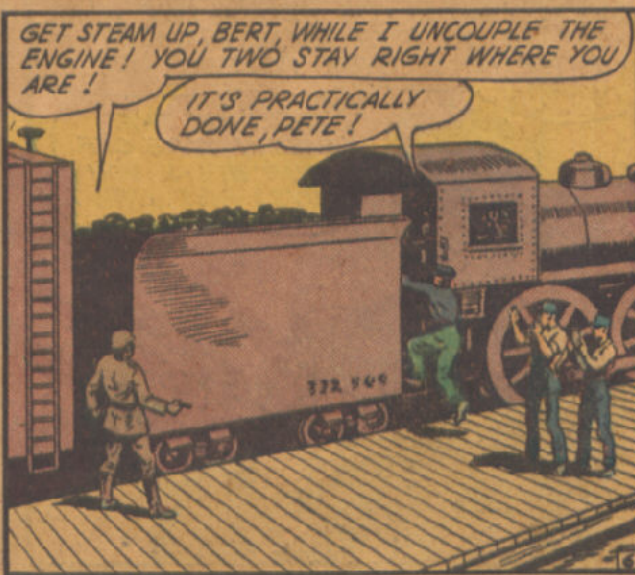
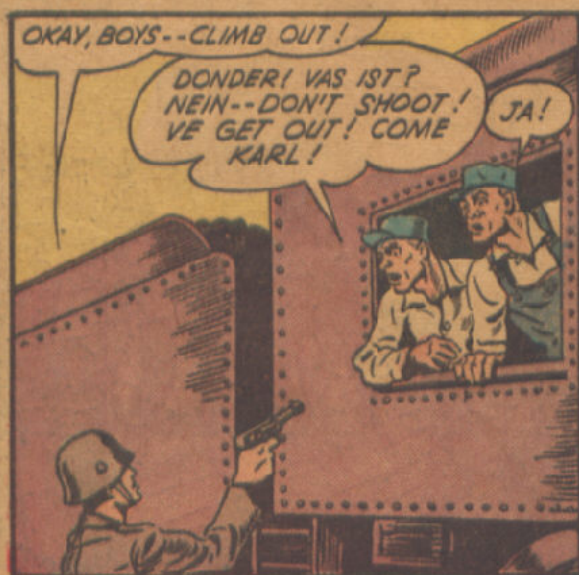
UGHH!





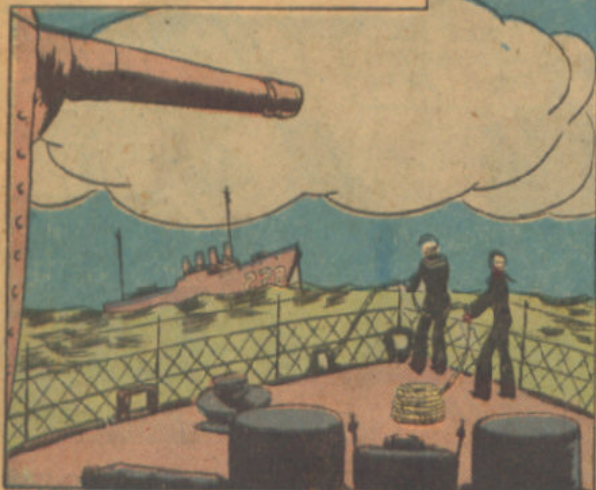








OUT AT SEA - JUST ON THE HORIZON -  
THE OLD DESTROYER IS CAST ADRIFT  
FROM THE TOW VESSEL.....



BOYS - THE CAPTAIN HAS LENT  
US SEVERAL PAIRS OF HIGH-  
POWERED BINOCULARS WITH  
WHICH TO OBSERVE THE  
ACCURACY OF THE FIRE  
POWER ON THAT OLD  
HULK OUT THERE.....

BOY! I'D  
HATE TO  
BE ON HER  
RIGHT NOW!!



WE'VE GOT WORD SHE'S IN  
POSITION, GENTLEMEN - FIRST  
WE'LL STRADDLE THE TARGET  
WITH A COUPLE OF TRIAL  
SHOTS - THEN, WE'LL CLIP OFF  
HER STACKS - FINALLY, WE'LL  
HIT HER BELOW DECKS AND  
SINK HER. READY, SERGEANT?

READY,  
SIR!



FIRE!



BOOM!

WOW! WHATTA SHOT!  
JUST MISSED HER  
BY YARDS!



LET ME WATCH  
THE NEXT ONE,  
DAN!

THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLODING  
SHELL THROWS PEGGY, ON THE  
TARGET SHIP, TO THE FLOOR...

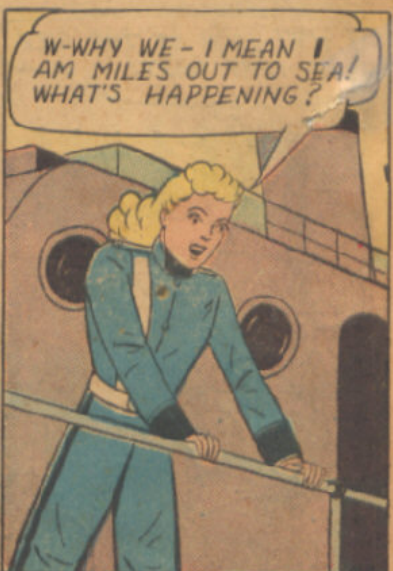
W-WHERE  
AM I?



I-I MUST HAVE FALLEN  
SOUND ASLEEP - I'D BETTER  
GET ASHORE!



W-WHY WE - I MEAN I  
AM MILES OUT TO SEA!  
WHAT'S HAPPENING?






By Eugene L. Pollock

## HAVE YOU HEARD...

Old Japanese  
Stamp



Old Japanese Stamp

—THAT the Japanese Government showed it couldn't be trusted as long as twenty-five years ago when it printed counterfeit of its old postage stamps to sell to tourists? Many an American visitor bought these fakes, nicely mounted on decorated sheets, and sent them home as a souvenir of his visit to what will soon become the "Land of the Setting Sun".

—THAT Russia has issued more postage stamps about the events of the war than all other countries combined? Great Britain, which has been fighting longer than any other nation (she fought by herself for more than a year), hasn't printed a single stamp to mark the war, although British Dominions like Canada and South Africa have put out long sets of war designs.

—THAT stamp collecting is the most popular hobby for our fighting men? Boys, here and overseas, can carry their collections about in their kit bags, or even in a coat pocket. Many an American soldier and sailor can now show a fine collection of Iceland, British, Egyptian, Italian, Australian and Indian stamps, as well as those of the many South Sea islands. Shortly, we're sure they'll be able to add Germany and Japan to the list!



### Russian Bombers Over the North Pole

**SIX BIG THEMES!** (1) "Queer Countries" Packet; (2) East, Greater, etc.; (3) Postal source Russia, Austria, Great Britain, etc.; (4) Postal stamps, antelope, kangaroo, etc. (4 package stamp hinged); (5) Big "Far East" Packet of 30 diff. stamps from Dutch India, Siam, Philippines, etc. (6) Illustrated, 32-page booklet—tells where to look for, and sell, stamps worth up to \$10.00 apiece! EVERYTHING FOR ONLY \$2 TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS!

**WORLD-WIDE STAMP CO.** Dept. TDU-4 CAMDEN NEW JERSEY

My selection includes Giant Elephan  
Pilgrimage Commemorative DIAMOND SHAPED  
STAMP, superb "half-moon" TRIANGLE  
Globe Desert Devil's Island, Singapore, Sri  
Lanka commemorative 50 pence old, New set 19  
Asia war stamps, etc.—together 30 all different—  
GIVEN with approval for the postage.  
PIGRIM STAMP SHOP, Waverly, Baltimore, Md.

**500 UNITED STATES**--absolutely unpicked and unsorted--just as received from church missions. Many varieties, including commemoratives, airmails, high denominations up to \$5.00! Price only 10¢ to approval applicants! Money back if not delighted. **SWAN STAMP COMPANY, Dept. 326, Dunkirk, N.Y.**

We'll be glad to help you with your stamp problems. Write to Eugene L. Pollock, Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York City.

**SUPER-WONDER PACKET OFFERED**  
Containing stamps from **AFGHANISTAN** (oblong),  
**COSTA RICA** (diamond), **SAAR** (cylinder), **CEYLON**  
(square), **IRAQ** (triangle), **MANCHUKUO** (rectangle),  
**HONDURAS** (oval). This entire packet for only  
\$1 to approval applicants.

**TEDDY BEAR TRIANGLE!**  
Turned TOWN  
(shown) others  
from Asia, Africa,  
dead countries,  
Tongka, etc., includ-  
ing 70-yr.-old South Australia, old  
"Munk", island, Niueva, "Siue"  
slams, North Sea "Anti-Hitler" stamp, 43-yr.-old  
U. S. Quincy, Slave Ship, etc. GIVE  
approval specimens sending No for mailing cost  
**DOMINION STAMP CO.,** Box 30-S, Arlington, Va.

There is a charge for regular buyers for their stamps. Along with the advertising stamps, you will receive other stamps "on approval." You will remain the property of the stamp dealer until you buy all or any you choose. The unpurchased stamps, or the money for them, must be returned within ten days after receipt. Failure to do so may be a violation of the law.

The United States has issued its most remarkable series of 12 stamps, none showing the flag in full color. It covers nations. Our contribution is a special album—very different from the colorful and historic stamps. It's a flag album. 14 pages with front cover by a famous artist, artistically arranged and telling the history of each of the 12 nations as outlined. We will send it free for 10¢ handling and shipping expense. To serious approval applicants, send for your index and kind of stamps which you desire. We will send you a card which will prove that you are a collector of the United States flag.

## 258-41th Avenue New York City 10 Dept. 338

(3) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Niagaraga airmail, Triangle and animal stamps, many others. (2) 2 scarce unused United States, cat. price 20¢. (3) Five pocket set of British Colonies—Charkhari, Jamaica, Jubah, etc. (4) U. S. \$4.00 and \$5.00 high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only \$8 to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargain buys.

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 3-A, CAMDEN, N. Y.

Send to-day for the new edition fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all different stamps! Also five packet strange, fascinating stamps from Buenos-Ayres, Havana, Mexico, Peking, Cyprus, etc., including Maps, Ships, Animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants including Je postage.

Box 962 GORCELOM STAMP CO. Calais, Maine

Century. COMMEMORATIVES, coins, revenues, etc.  
 (p. 10) are for our HANCAIN APPROVALS. FREE  
 HQ CENTS included.

**W. C. BOOKMAN Box 145E Maplewood, N. J.**

Low collectors have very few items from the 1930s. Items issued by Wells Fargo & Co. in 1931. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approved applicants who indicate 40 years' entire postage.

**H. B. ROBERTS & CO., 513 Shearer Bldg., New City, Mich.**

500 Foreign Stamps, unsorted and unpicked (mostly on bits of paper). Includes a few commemoratives, airmails and stamps cataloging up to 25c or more. Price only 10c in serious approval applicants!  
JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 82, Jamestown, N. Y.

**ALL:** Includes stamps of Great Britain and colonies ranging from 18th Century cancellations to the latest war stamps; also Adoration, Jubilee, and Commemorative stamps. Free to applicants for our approvals featuring pictorials, commemoratives, and special issues. Send 4 (four cent) service charge.

**L. B. WILLIAMS & CO., 712 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

included in our packet of 25 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES STAMPS given to new approval applicants sending 3c postage. Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale also included.

**BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. K  
FLINT MICHIGAN**

**REPLY:** A collection of stamps from our friendly neighbors, the democracies of the New World, including a facsimile reproduction of a rare U. S. stamp 80 years old, cataloguing \$5.00, to applicants for our approval selections featuring historically interesting stamps of the world. Send 4 (four cents) service charge.

**OWENS STAMP CO.,** 212 Welsh Blv., Bay City, Mich.

**CENSUS SET COMPLETE**  
*Free to approval applicants*  
**PLADON STAMP CO.**  
1717 Idaho, Dept. B, Toledo, Ohio

**1¢** Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set. Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approved applicants. **1¢**

**GIANT AND MIDGET TRIANGLES!**

Tiny Bolivia and giant Brazilian Caramel (shown); also Cinnamon Island, odd Monoplane stamp, world's smallest stamp, Africa, Treasure Islands, Thailand, etc.—all given to approval applicants submitting 3¢ first mailing card.

**MINIATURE STAMP CO.,** 8150 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood











# FREE!

WITH THIS AMAZING OFFER

## RED AND WHITE WIG WAG

### Signal Flags and Authentic Code Instruction

How would you like to be able to talk to your friend without other people knowing what you are saying? How would you like to be able to use wig wag code just like the Army and Navy do? With this amazing offer, you get absolutely free 2 big red and white signal flags and complete flag code instruction. You can mystify your friends, you can use it for your club, and you can do it quickly and easily in just 5 minutes with this new, simplified method! Because you get

**FREE TOO**

a complete course in code with a new easy, simplified method. You will also learn international dot-and-dash Morse code. Read on. Get yours free with this offer.

MADE IN U.S.A.

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— TWO REAL TELESCOPES IN ONE —

### 5 POWER FOR SHORT RANGE-10 POWER FOR EXTRA MILEAGE

BOTH EXTEND  
TO 16 INCHES  
LONG

BRINGS OBJECTS  
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